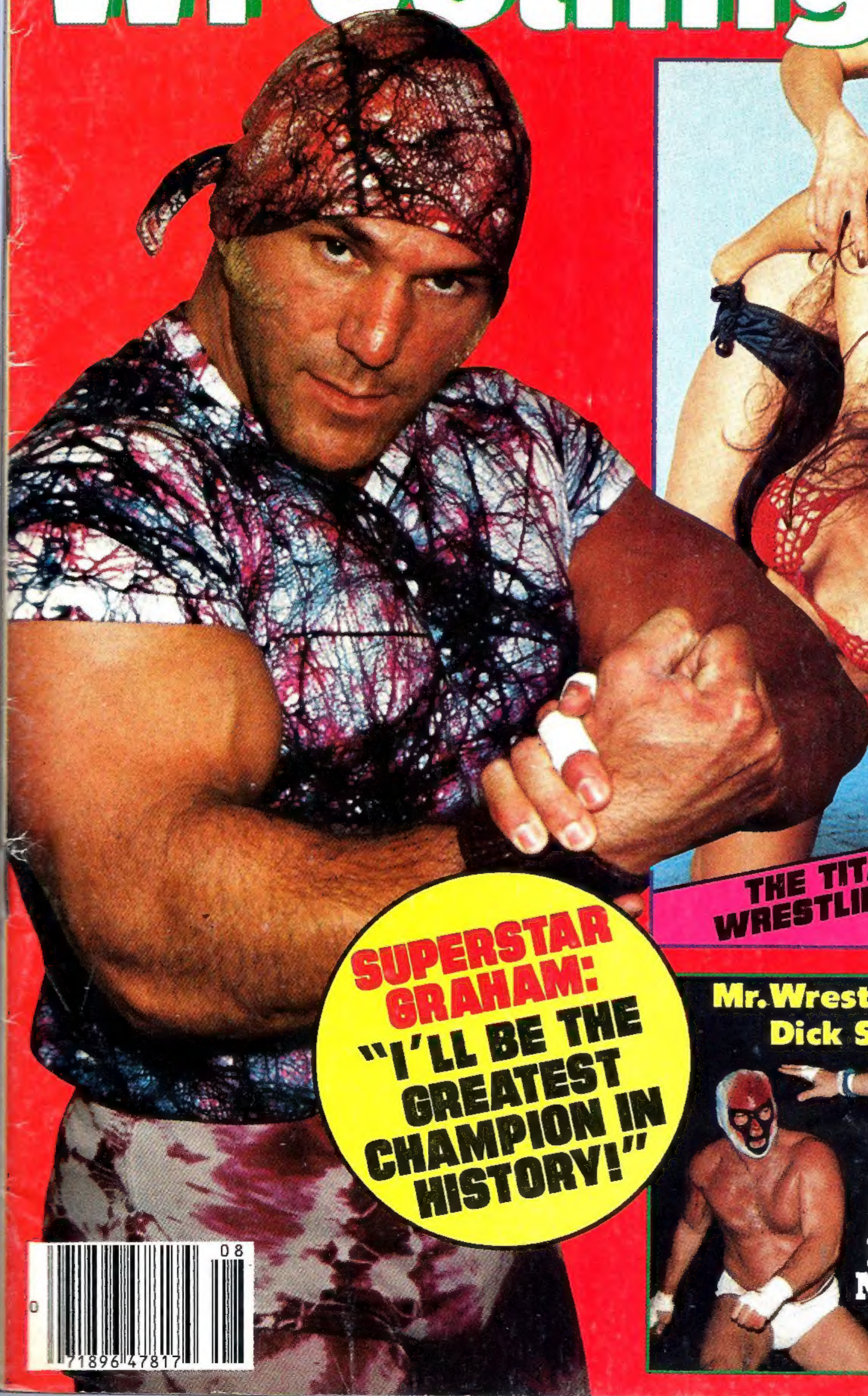


SPORTS REVIEW

August 1977
47817 \$1.00

Wrestling



**THE TITANIC APARTMENT
WRESTLING MATCH... FOR THE
HIGHEST STAKES EVER!**

**SUPERSTAR
GRAHAM:
"I'LL BE THE
GREATEST
CHAMPION IN
HISTORY!"**

**Mr. Wrestling II vs.
Dick Slater:**



**THIS
FEUD
MUST
END...
NOW!!!**



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08

OFFICIAL WRESTLING RATINGS

WORLD WIDE WRESTLING FEDERATION

CHAMPION: SUPERSTAR GRAHAM

- 1—BRUNO SAMMARTINO
- 2—IVAN PUTSKI
- 3—BOB BACKLUND
- 4—KEN PATERA
- 5—CHIEF STRONGBOW
- 6—LARRY ZBYSZKO
- 7—BARON VON RASCHKE
- 8—GEORGE STEELE
- 9—CARLOS ROCHA
- 10—GORILLA MONSOON

AMERICAN WRESTLING ASSOCIATION

CHAMPION: NICK BOCKWINKLE

- 1—RAY STEVENS
- 2—VERNE GAGNE
- 3—PEDRO MORALES
- 4—CRUSHER
- 5—GREG GAGNE
- 6—JIM BRUNZELL
- 7—SUPER DESTROYER
- 8—ANGELO MOSCA
- 9—LARRY HENNIG
- 10—MAD DOG VACHON

MOST POPULAR

- 1—ANDRE THE GIANT
- 2—IVAN PUTSKI
- 3—DUSTY RHODES
- 4—BRUNO SAMMARTINO
- 5—BOB BACKLUND
- 6—CHIEF STRONGBOW
- 7—MIL MASCARAS
- 8—JACK BRISCO
- 9—MR. WRESTLING II
- 10—MIGHTY IGOR

NATIONAL WRESTLING ALLIANCE

CHAMPION: HARLEY RACE

- 1—JACK BRISCO
- 2—DUSTY RHODES
- 3—TERRY FUNK
- 4—PAUL JONES
- 5—MR. WRESTLING II
- 6—DORY FUNK JR.
- 7—BLACKJACK MULLIGAN
- 8—THE SHEIK
- 9—RIC FLAIR
- 10—CHAVO GUERRERO

TAG TEAMS

- 1—BOBBY DUNCUM & BLACKJACK LANZA
- 2—RIC FLAIR & GREG VALENTINE
- 3—CHIEF STRONGBOW & BILLY WHITE WOLF
- 4—JACK & JERRY BRISCO
- 5—THE ANDERSON BROTHERS
- 6—JOSE LOTHARIO & CIEN CARAS
- 7—THE VALIANT BROTHERS
- 8—GOLIATH & BLACK GORDMAN
- 9—CHAVO GUERRERO & VICTOR RIVERA
- 10—PHIL HICKERSON & DENNIS CONDRI

MOST HATED

- 1—OX BAKER
- 2—THE SHEIK
- 3—ABDULLAH THE BUTCHER
- 4—SUPERSTAR GRAHAM
- 5—BRUISER BRODIE
- 6—KEN PATERA
- 7—RIC FLAIR
- 8—GEROGE STEELE
- 9—NICK BOCKWINKLE
- 10—BARON VON RASCHKE



SUPERSTAR GRAHAM



NICK BOCKWINKLE



HARLEY RACE



ANDRE THE GIANT

POINT: CAPTAIN LOU ALBANO

Everyone knows I am a fair man, a patient man. But even I have my limits. There comes a time when a situation becomes so bad it has to be corrected, or else the sport will suffer terribly.

It is beyond my understanding why all wrestlers don't have managers. After all, managers are the most vital part of the sport in many ways. We keep things running when the incompetent promoters allow things to fall apart. We keep wrestlers in line. We make sure all the rules are enforced. We keep the referees honest. Indeed, we keep the entire sport honest.

When it comes to negotiating contracts for wrestlers, no one can do it as well as a manager. Men like Fred Blassie, Grand Wizard, Bobby Heenan—and myself, of course—know how to get the most for our wrestlers. Those idiots without managers usually end up with peanuts. No wonder all our men are wealthy, and those bums without managers are barely making ends meet.

Let me give you a prime example. When I first met Ken Patera, the poor man was barely surviving. Bill

COUNTERPOINT: CHIEF JAY STRONGBOW

I have seen some crazy ideas in my time, but I think this one by Lou Albano is the craziest. Forcing every wrestler to have a manager is like forcing everyone to put sour cream on their baked potatoes. For the most part, it is a matter of personal preference.

Most wrestlers do not like the idea of having a manager hanging around all the time. We feel we can negotiate our own contracts quite adequately. We can learn new maneuvers without a manager's aid. We can do quite well on our own.

Personally, I abhor managers. They interfere in matches, they cause more trouble than they're worth, most of them are among the lowest forms of life on earth, and they certainly don't keep the sport honest. There are some exceptions to this. Men like Arnold Skoaland and Ivan Kalmikoff are decent men who truly do look out for their wrestlers' interests. But men like Lou Albano are looking for only one thing: money.

Albano's motives for wanting every wrestler

collectors were beating at his door. He was living in a shabby flat in which I wouldn't let my worst enemy live. He was losing all his matches, and there were no title hopes in his future. Then I came along, and look where Ken is now!

It is my belief that all wrestlers should have managers. After all, our only purpose is to look out for their best interests. Who else could teach them how to survive in the rough world of professional wrestling? Who else could teach them those special maneuvers which insure victory? Only the managers!

Therefore, before this year is out, all wrestlers should find themselves managers. It is only for their own benefit I suggest this. And, as a manager, I am only looking out for the welfare of all wrestlers.

Someday, every wrestler in the sport will thank me for making this wise suggestion. Every man who goes into the ring will realize how smart the Captain was for making every wrestler have a manager. This will be my crowning achievement in wrestling. The Captain will go down in history as the man who did the most to benefit the entire sport. That is all that I will ever need. □



COUNTERPOINT•POINT•COUNTERP

represented by a manager are not entirely pure. The man is just doing it for the money. He knows that with so few managers around, he is sure to get a great percentage of the wrestlers not represented now. Remember, Albano receives a good proportion of the money paid to wrestlers in every contract he negotiates. If his idea should become a reality (heaven forbid!), Albano could become a very wealthy man very quickly!

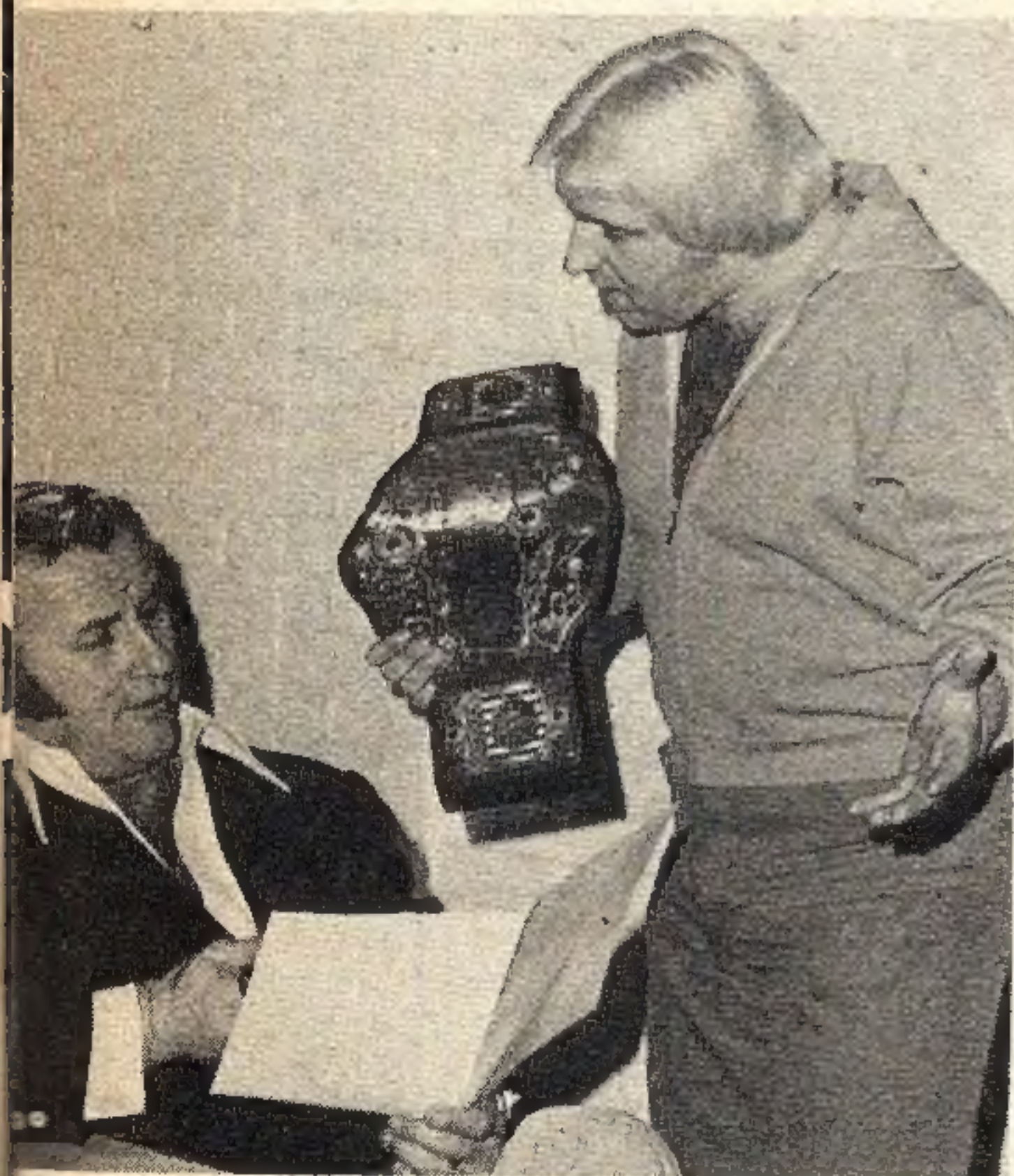
Furthermore, look what Albano has done for the men he now manages. Ken Patera used to be one of the most respected young men in wrestling. He was talented, strong, and appeared to be headed for a championship. Then along came Lou Albano, and all that changed. Now Ken is one of the most vicious rulebreakers in the sport. If this is what having a manager does for you, then I think I'll have to turn it down. I don't want any manager doing that to me.

Albano thinks all of wrestling will thank him for devising this scheme. I think every wrestler—and every future wrestler—will damn him for this plan if it is ever instituted. It is one of the worst ideas I have ever heard. Let us pray that it never comes to pass. □

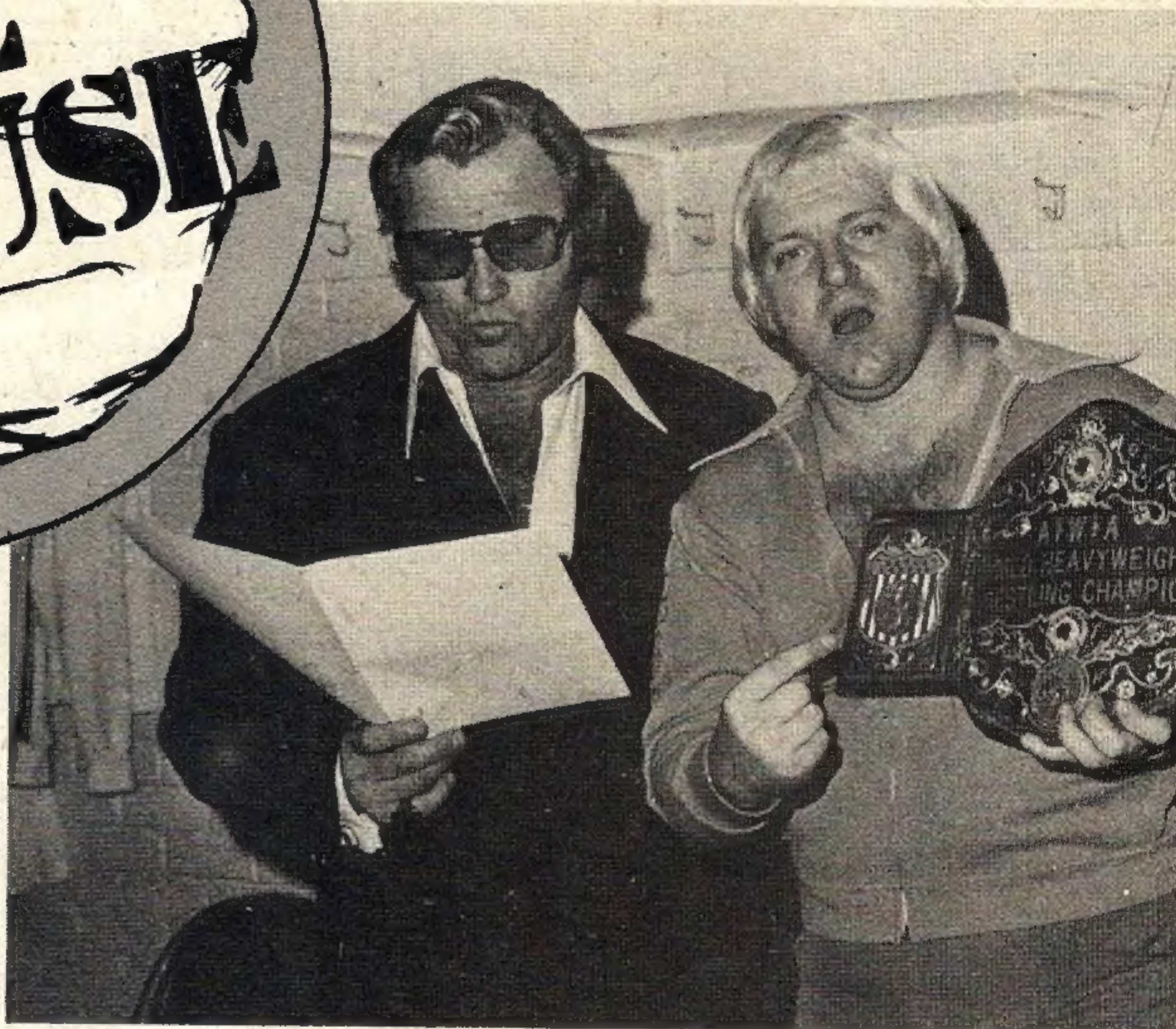




The sport of wrestling, like any other sport, has its share of problems. Some of these problems are so outrageous they need to be pointed out and corrected as quickly as possible. When "We Accuse" points the finger at a target, fireworks are sure to follow!



Bockwinkle tries to argue over a clause in his contract, but Heenan explains Nick is helpless.



Above: Heenan holds the title belt while Bockwinkle grimaces at the contract he was forced to sign. Below: Nick poses as the strong, silent type. He knows he can't talk even if he wants to!

BY THE EDITORS

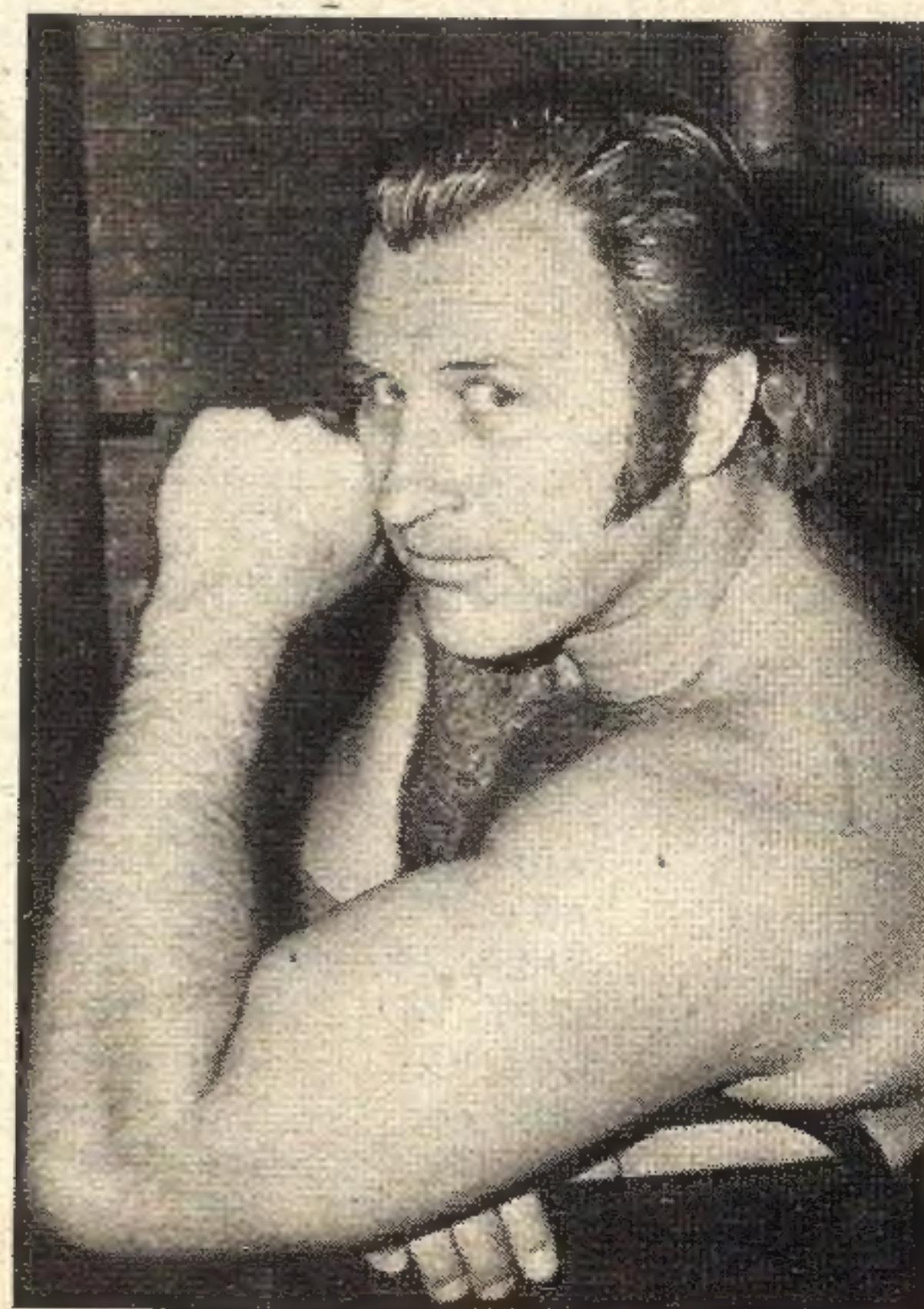
WOULD THAT THERE was some way we could stay silent on this matter, but that is impossible. For we do most strongly deplore the type of contract under which Nick Bockwinkle is now held by Bobby Heenan.

All parties concerned with this contract now deny its very

existence. But we know better. We were there when Heenan showed the document to the press. We were there when he gloated over his total control of every movement Nick Bockwinkle made. And we know this contract has yet to be voided. We know Nick Bockwinkle is still a slave to the fiendish legal maneuvering of Bobby Heenan.

The record speaks for itself. A few years ago, Nick Bockwinkle and Ray Stevens were as close as two friends could be. They were close both professionally and socially. Wherever one man was, the other was sure to be there also. But this is no longer true. When Ray Stevens insulted Bobby Heenan, Nick was sent to exact revenge. This bitter feud is still going on. And we know it must be heartbreaking for Nick to have to wrestle his former partner.

(Continued on page 48)

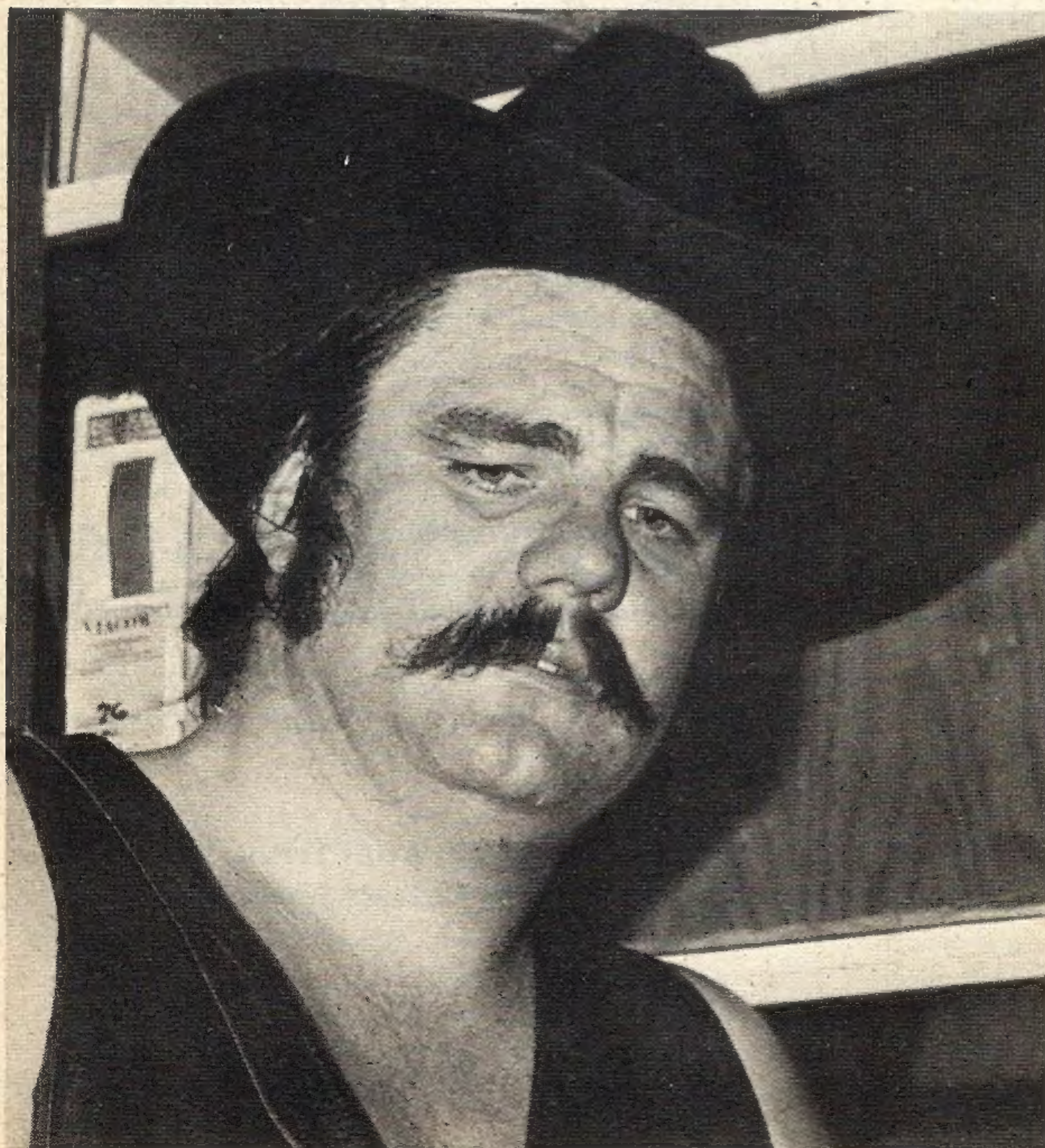




BLACKJACK MULLIGAN

Strength & Power	9.0
Speed	7.5
Repertoire	8.0
Finishing Maneuvers	9.5
Ability to Absorb Punishment	9.0
Stamina	9.5
Courage	9.0
Intelligence	9.0
Poise	8.5
Experience	9.0
RATING	88.0

Our exclusive "Stat-O-Chart" system for rating wrestlers has caused great controversy ever since its introduction. Though many wrestling experts have praised the system for its thoroughness, some wrestlers feel they should be given a chance to criticize their ratings. "X-Ray" is each man's chance to respond to his own "Stat-O-Chart"



BY BLACKJACK MULLIGAN

THE ONLY THING my stat-o-chart is good for is to laugh at. Because if I didn't laugh, someone would soon be crying!

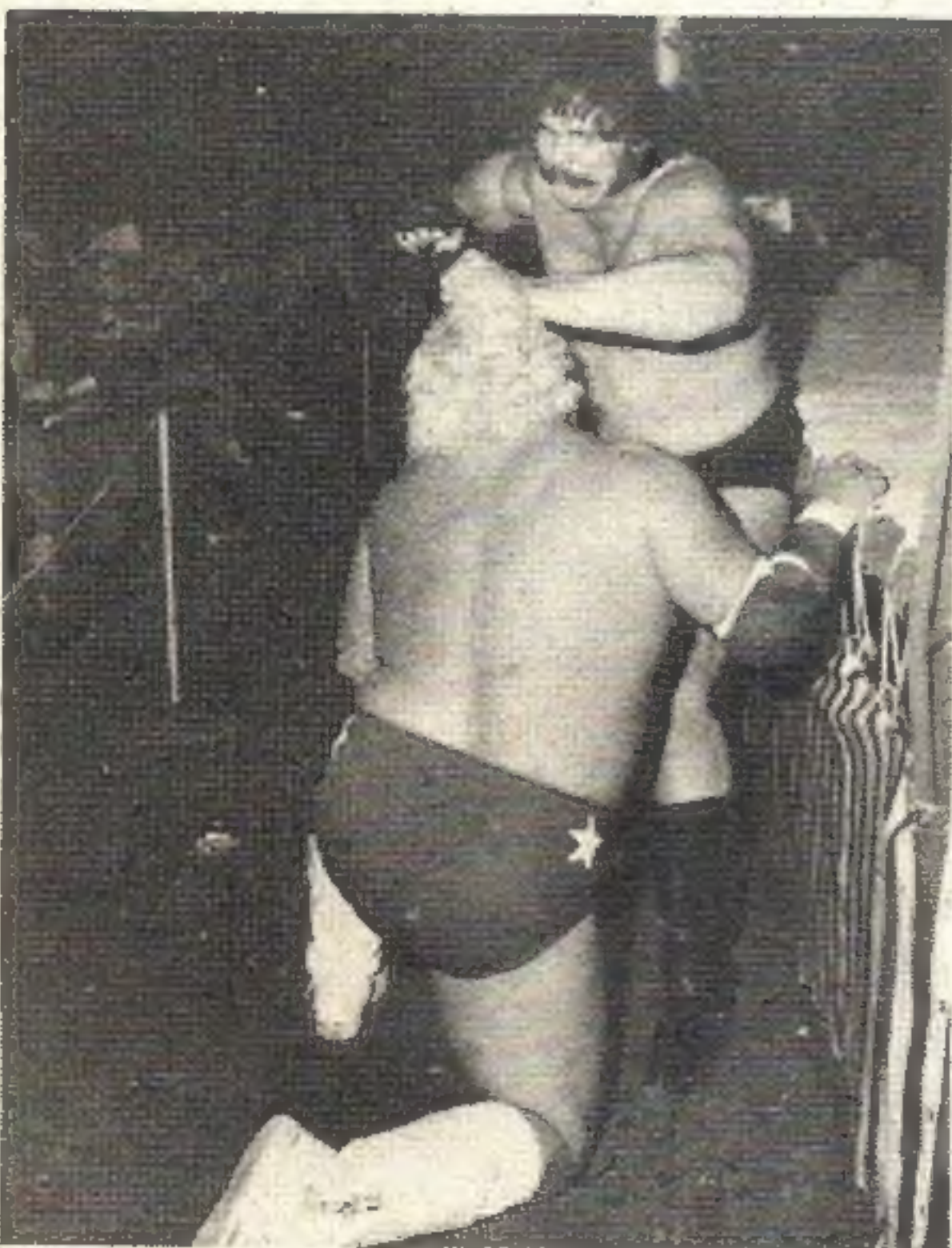
Pick any category and see how badly I've been underrated. Just running my finger up and down, I first stopped at "Intelligence." They—those idiot experts—dare to rate my intelligence. As might be expected from morons, they gave me only a 9.0, the same score they gave Wahoo McDaniel. I've forgotten more than McDaniel's ever suspected. How can they lump me with that lump?

Let's go on to another topic. "Ability to Absorb Punishment": 9.0 instead of the 10.0 everyone knows I deserve. No one in wrestling has ever been able to hurt or weaken me. I defy anyone to name the man who sent Blackjack Mulligan running. Still, the experts dare say I can be hurt. I'd like to see the dogs try!

Now that I'm warmed up, let's go to the category in which I got only a 7.5. 7.5! We're discussing speed. Hell, a snail deserves more than a 7.5. But



Above: Mulligan smashes his foot into Terry's Funk's back. **Left:** A bloody Blackjack drags Wahoo McDaniel in a strap match. **Below:** Dusty Rhodes is helpless against the pounding assault of Blackjack Mulligan.



does Blackjack Mulligan get what he deserves? Not on your life. Now, don't get me wrong, I'm not claiming to be the fastest guy on earth. A man my size is necessarily slower than some of those speedy punks. I deserve a 9.0 if I'm being modest. But a 7.5 is a lying disgrace!

Speaking of disgraces, they rate my repertoire at a measly 8.0. What the hell do they expect? I can do any move and do it well. I defy them to tell me of a move beyond my abilities. All they can do is lie about me. I deserve an 11 for my repertoire!

Now, for the big laugh. Let's look at what they gave me for courage. Why, it's only 9.0. That miserable score for

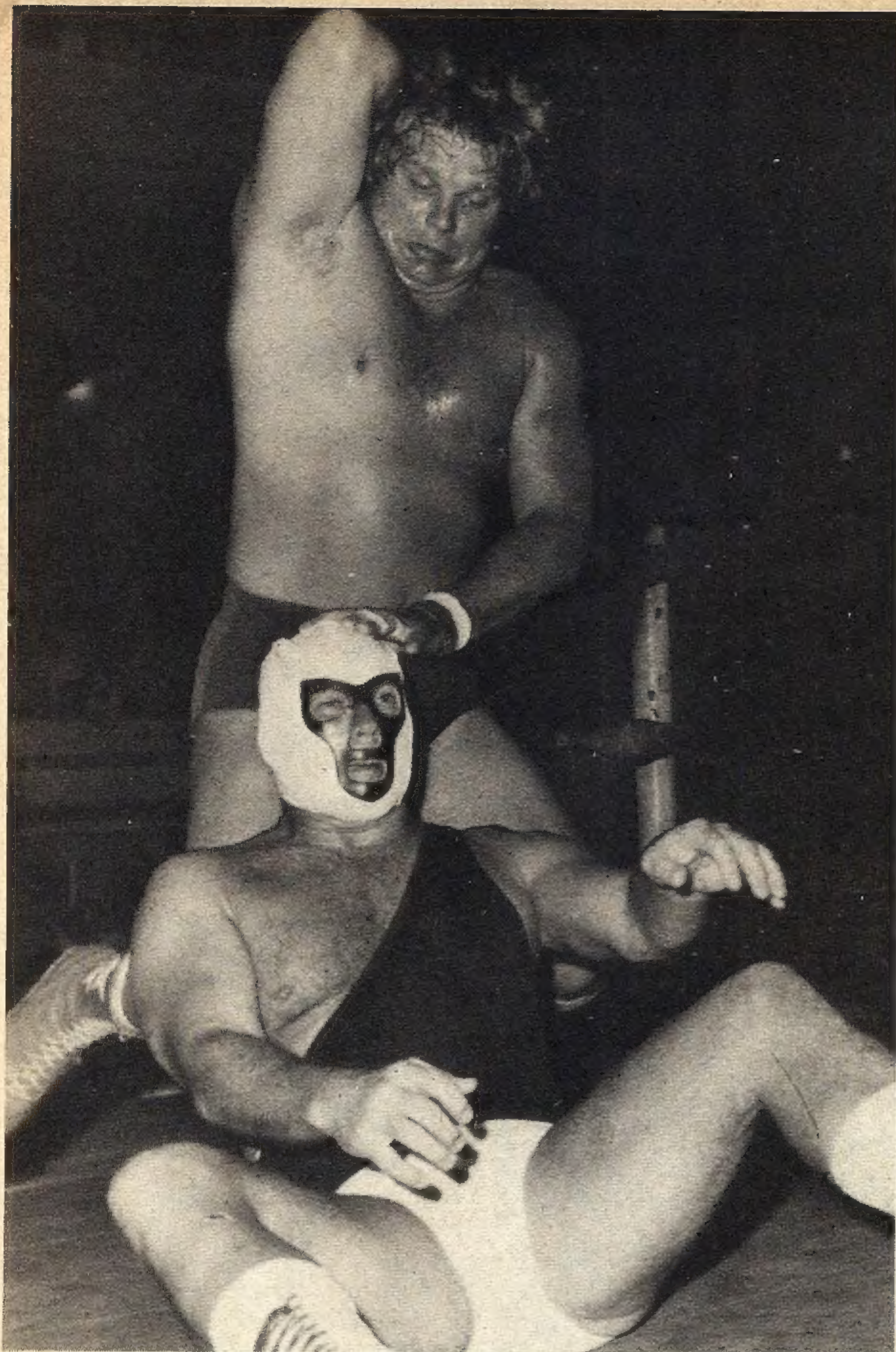
the bravest man who ever walked into a wrestling arena! I've never run away from a man in my entire life. The only time I ever turned down a match was out of pity for the slob who challenged me. I'm a wrestler, not a murderer. I may have to take that back, though, if I ever meet one of the experts in the flesh.

These soon-to-be-deceased experts saw fit to give me only an 8.0 in "Poise." Now what the hell is poise? It's supposed to mean the ability to withstand pressure without getting stupid. Now I've been in more tight spots than any other wrestler on earth. That happens when you wrestle the best without fear. Never, not once, not even for a second have I wrestled out of control. Still, they rate me like I'm an old maid schoolteacher on a Paris holiday.

Well, no old maid schoolteacher has my power, which is only rated at a 9.0. Haven't these morons ever seen what happens when my hands crush a man's skull with my clawhold? That takes more strength than any 20 other maneuvers. To do it correctly takes an incredible amount of power. No one disputes that my claw is the best there is. Why then do they say I'm not the strongest man in wrestling.

I'd go on, but I'm sick of these people. The only reason I decided to even do this article was to set the record straight. I hope all the fans will laugh at them for their cheap insults at me.

When no one cares about their stat-o-chart any longer, I know just where they can stick it. □



Left: Slater smashes his elbow hard onto the top of Mr. Wrestling II's skull. All their bouts seem to be a contest deciding which one can inflict the most damage!

Mr. Wrestling II vs. Dick Slater: **THIS FEUD**

There are plenty of reasons why Dick Slater and Mr Wrestling II should be enemies. There is only one reason why these two must forgive and forget past differences. The reason is the salvation of wrestling!

MR. WRESTLING II lay in his bed, bandaged and bruised from head to toe. He was experiencing excruciating pain. He could barely move a muscle.

Meanwhile, in another part of town, Dick Slater was in a similar state. He also was immobilized. He also looked like he had been run down by a speeding train.

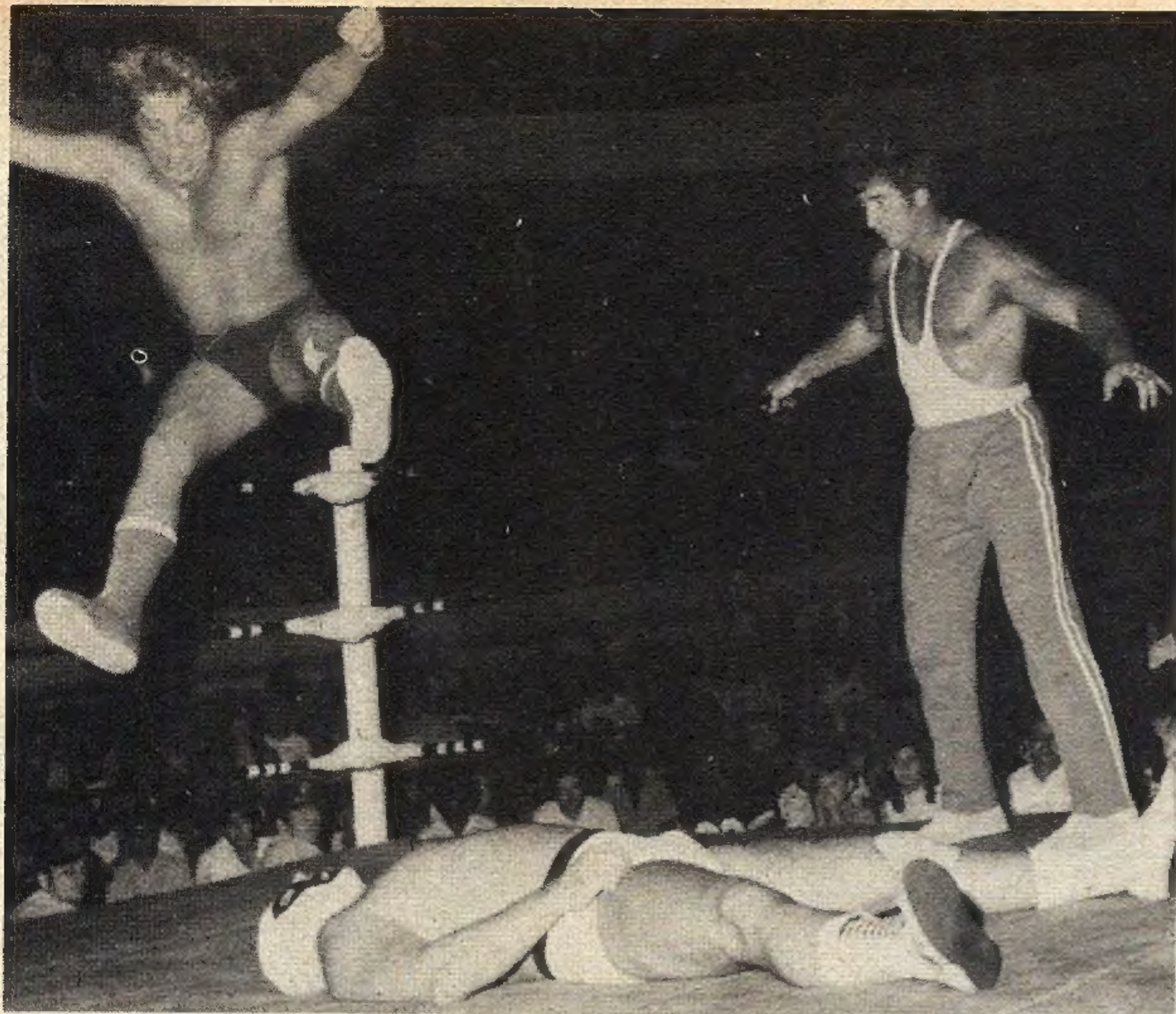
What had simply happened to them was that Mr. Wrestling II and Dick Slater had yet another one of their brutal confrontations. And this one hadn't been as vicious as some of their previous encounters. Both of them were lucky no one was killed!

No matter how many times it is said, it cannot be stated often enough: The feud between Dick Slater and Mr. Wrestling II must end!

The two men are slowly killing each other. That is a fact. No one can deny it. No one will deny it. But many people wish the two men would stop this senseless violence before one of them is killed.

"There was a time, though now it's all gone by," said Mr. Wrestling II, "when we were friends, Dick Slater and I. But all that has changed. There is only blind hatred between us. I can't explain why it is there. I only know it exists."

Dick Slater is more angry and philosophical about the situation. He chafes at the idea of ever ending the feud. He feels it is a private affair between Mr. Wrestling II and himself: "Remember, sometimes even saintly folks must act like sinners unless they've had their



Left: Slater leaps high to come down hard onto his masked victim. Above: The two bloody grapplers are driven on only by rage.

FEUD MUST END... NOW!

customary due. That is the problem between Wrestling II and me. When he learns I am a better wrestler than he is, this situation might change. In the meantime, things will stay the same.

"After all, what keeps a man alive? He lives on other people. He first likes to gnaw away at their souls a bit, then destroy their very being if he can. He forgets sometimes that all men should try to live in harmony with one another. Or that he himself was ever called a

man.

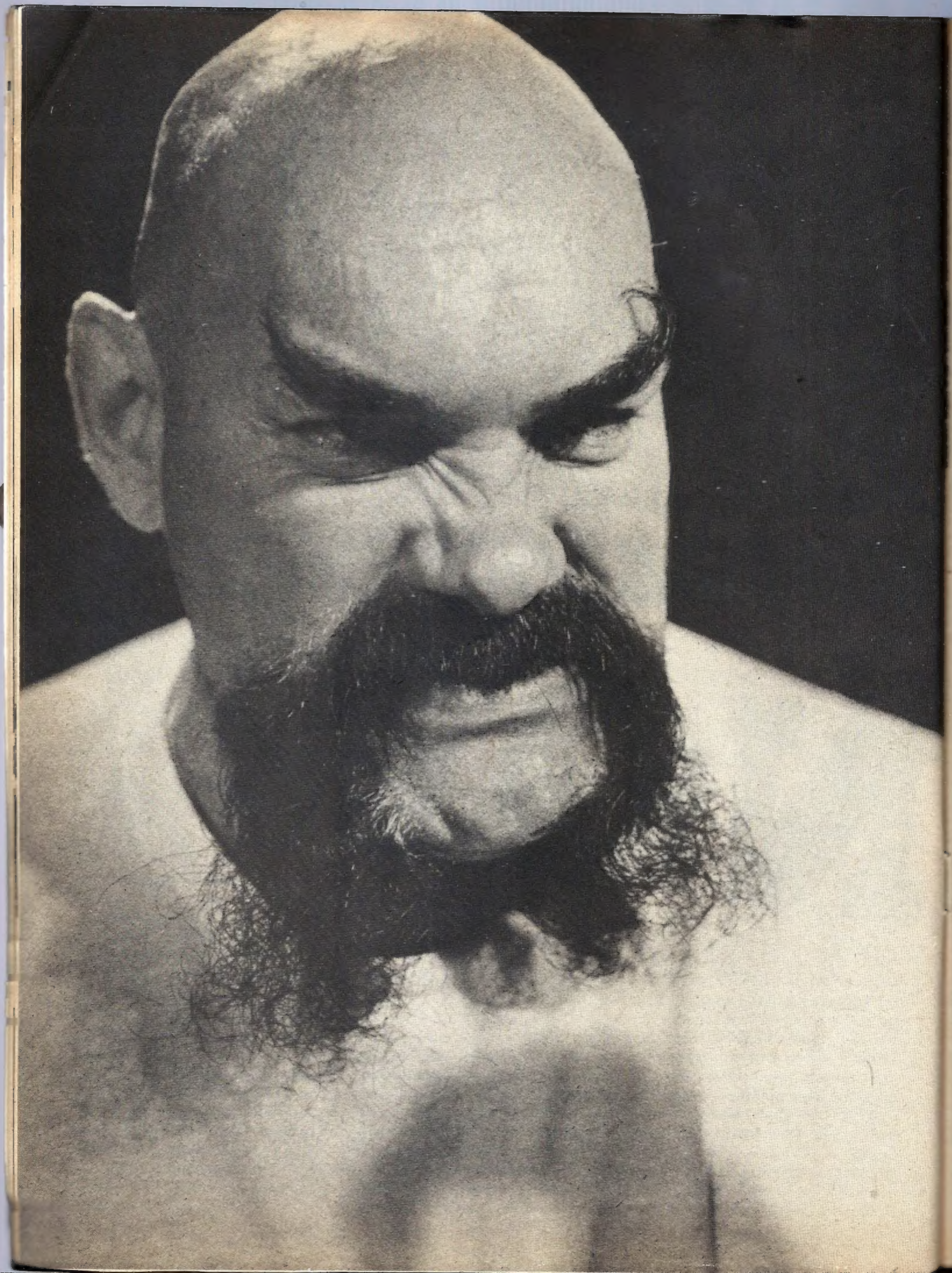
"Remember, if you wish to survive in this business, you must do something other people don't like to stay alive."

From his statement, it is clear Dick Slater feels justified in behaving in a vicious manner toward Mr. Wrestling II. He thinks it is necessary for him to be vicious if he is to be triumphant in the end. And, to his way of thinking, what he has been doing bears this out. In his most recent matches against Mr. Wrestling II, he has used every illegal maneuver he could devise to

combat the power and talent of his foe.

But Mr. Wrestling II refuses to stoop to the level of Dick Slater. "No matter what happens," he said, "my first consideration is to my fans. I would never disappoint them by breaking the rules in order to beat Dick Slater. I am confident scientific skill will defeat the illegal maneuverings of that lowlife. There is no need for me to be cruel and vicious, even for him. I will do this my way, or I don't do it at all.

"I can't deny I hate Dick Slater now. I can't deny there is a feud raging between us. But I will not do
(Continued on page 52)



HE LOOKS MEAN. Even if he were the kindest, gentlest man on the face of the earth, he would still look mean. But he does not let his ferocious countenance go to waste. He is as evil a person as he looks.

In another era, Ox Baker might have been Attila the Hun or some other equally wicked character out of the pages of history. He would have murdered with malice, and then not given the action a second thought. Indeed, he would have boasted about all the men he had killed.

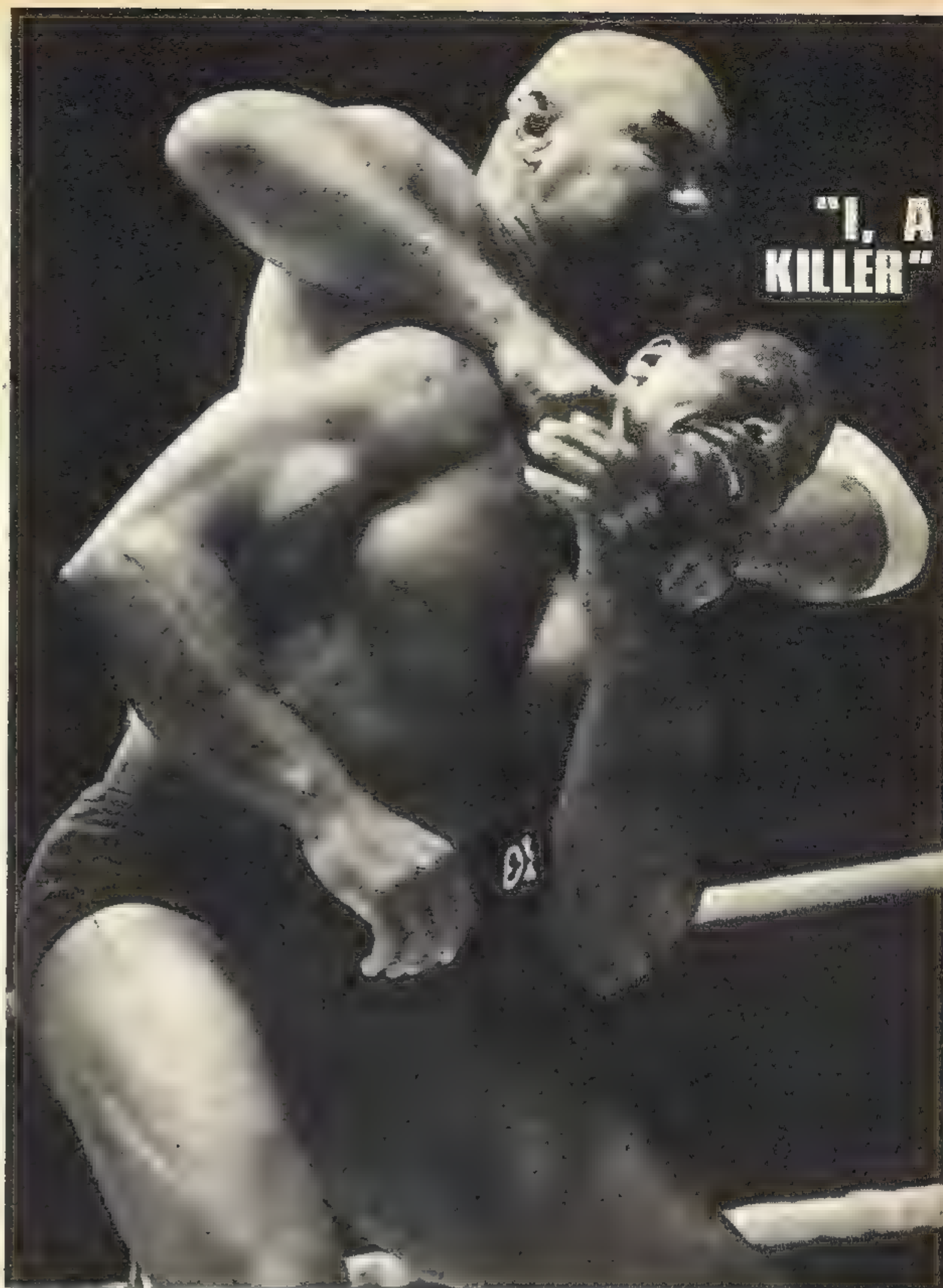
It has long been Ox Baker's claim that he killed two men in wrestling matches. No one has ever challenged his contention. Everyone believes it.

To completely understand Ox Baker is almost impossible. He is a very complex man, a man whose main reason for living is to kill, to maim, to do as much injury to other men as he humanly can. In many ways, there is no crueller man alive.

He claims he has killed before. He says he could kill again. Believe it! His savageness knows no bounds. His cruelty knows no limits. Yet he has managed to keep away from the long arm of the law, but there is no way of knowing how long that can last.

Baker has baffled teams of psychologists who have run hours of tests on him. They know he has this killer instinct. They just cannot understand why. But they all agree on one thing—the man should be banned from the sport before he kills yet another man. It is for the good of wrestling. Naturally, Ox doesn't care what any psychologist has to say. He plans to continue wrestling for as long as it pleases him.

"If I listened to everything people said about me," Ox stated, "the only thing I would be allowed to do is sell



It is typical of Ox Baker that he will try to choke an opponent senseless, as he does here with Sailor Art Thomas. Illegal choking is just one of the many ways Baker tortures, maims, and cripples. No wonder the man is hated throughout the sport.

pencils on the street corner. I really don't care what people think. I am wrestling for my own ends. If someone else doesn't like that fact, it's too damn bad.

"People have said I am too cruel. Tell me, what defines too cruel? After all, no one ever said wrestling

was a gentle sport for gentle people. It's rough out there in the mat wars. It's kill or be killed. I prefer to kill. I like life too much to let some second-rate fool run all over me.

"You know, I've changed. I'm not as mean as I used to be. When I first started off as a wrestler, I aimed to

This is Ox Baker at his lowest and dirtiest. More than an interview, it is a glimpse into the working of a deranged mind destined to murder an innocent victim. It could very well be the most distressing article you'll ever read!



kill my opponent. I mean that, literally. I wanted to kill the man in the opposite corner. Most of the time, the referees were able to hold me back. However, on two occasions, they did not. There are two men who never saw life again after wrestling me.

"Do I feel any regret about that? No way! Why should I? Those idiots knew what they were getting into. They knew they were wrestling Ox Baker. They knew wrestling is not an easy sport. They knew they weren't in a tiddly-winks game. They died. That's all there is to it.

"But like I said, I must be getting soft. I haven't killed anyone in recent years. I don't know why. Maybe the referees are restraining me more than they used to. My feelings haven't changed one bit. I still want to kill my opponents.

"I am a killer. There's no use in denying it. I enjoy it. I need it. It's the only way I feel I can survive in this

Ox smashes his forearm down on Ernie Ladd (above) and Ted Herbert (below). Ladd was able to continue wrestling. Herbert was finished.



Ox tries to choke Bruiser during a "streetfight" match (above). Ox is at his best in a brawl.

business. So why does everyone want to deny me the right to pursue my career? Have I ever told any—except some weak and infirm old timers—that they shouldn't wrestle again? No. And I don't think anyone should say that to me.

"And another thing: Who the hell gives a damn whether I stay within the rules or not. It's no one's business but my own. Those rules were made to be broken. They are silly. They have no real purpose but to limit my capabilities in the ring. I want to be free to do what I want to do to an opponent. If I have to go so far as to kill a man, so what? That's life. That's the way it's played. It's kill or be killed. I prefer to kill."

Ox Baker may have baffled scores of psychologists, but he understands himself completely. He knows what it is he feels he must do. He does it. And though he may be the most vicious, cruel man in wrestling, he is aware of what he is doing. There is never any question about it.

Wrestling commissions have been keenly aware of Baker's desire to kill for a long time. They have heard Ox claim he killed two men. They would like to ban him from the sport, but they are unable to do so legally. Their hands are tied. They can do nothing, even if Ox should kill another man. And they can't stop scheduling Baker for matches. Too many fans want to see Ox wrestle, though the promoters and commissioners are hard pressed to tell why.

But there is no getting around one basic fact: Ox Baker is a killer. He claims he has killed before. He claims he can kill again. Is there no way to prevent this? □

Blackjack Mulligan vs. T-Bolt Patterson:

A BATTLE 100 YEARS IN THE MAKING

Mulligan brings T-Bolt to the canvas with a dreaded clawhold. The agonized victim barely manages to remain conscious throughout this ordeal.



PHOTOS BY BILL JANOSIK

The cauldron of history bubbled for over a century to produce the confrontation between Blackjack Mulligan and T-Bolt Patterson. The outcome proved it was well worth the wait

THE YEAR WAS 1877. Robert Patterson and his family were driven from the Texas Panhandle where they had settled 11 years before. The land became part of a large ranch owned by Simon

Mulligan, a man who could once boast he owned the eighth largest ranch in Texas.

The Pattersons barely escaped with their lives. Mulligan's hired guns drove them far away. A black

family, wanting only to enjoy the newly-won right of freedom, had no chance to defend itself against a marauding band of gunslingers. One of the men in the gang was the

(Continued)

local sheriff.

This incident in the Patterson family history recently came to the attention of T-Bolt Patterson, the famed wrestler. Patterson has been researching his family's history, attempting to discover the secrets of his past. As he read of his family's forced exodus from their home, fresh rage consumed him. He didn't have to search too long to find out what happened to the descendants of Simon Mulligan.

It appears Mulligan's greed extended past the small homesteads of defenseless black families. He started and lost a range war with a much more powerful rancher. By the turn of the century, the Mulligans were reduced to a small farm. The next Mulligan of note emerged 60 years later. He is the wrestler, Blackjack Mulligan.

When Patterson learned of this startling coincidence, he immediately contacted a promoter and demanded a match against Mulligan. When Blackjack heard of the reason for this challenge, he accepted with delight.

"If Patterson thinks my great-granddaddy made his great-granddaddy run," Mulligan boasted, "wait until he sees what I make him do. After the match, he'll slink off into the night and never be heard from again! Patterson will once again fall before Mulligan. History repeats itself and Patterson is once again the victim!"

Both men trained long and hard for this match, as if spurred on by 100 years of hatred. Mulligan too had a great stake in defending family honor. He had often walked the land that had once belonged to his family. He had envied and hated the descendants of the rancher who defeated his ancestor for the land. He had even loved and lost one of the daughters because he couldn't compete financially with a wealthy eastern banker. Any insult to the Mulligan family name ate into this ruthlessly proud man's pride.

So the two wrestlers went into this match looking for blood. The pain and torment of 100 years filled the arena. The man walked in almost trembling from excitement. No one



Officials have to tear Patterson off Mulligan after the action spills over the ropes and onto the concrete floor. If there wasn't someone to stop T-Bolt, Mulligan might have been choked to death. Tragedy hung over this battle like a cloud of poison gas.



Above: Mulligan smashes his fist into Patterson's face. Right: A bloody Blackjack leaps off the top rope and lands hard onto the helpless T-Bolt. Below: A ringside chair becomes a weapon when Patterson grabs it to smash Mulligan in the face and torso.



could remember ever seeing either grappler so nervous. A championship can't compare with family honor, at least not for two angry Texans.

Like a cavalry charge, the bell sounded for the beginning of battle. The two men approached each other cautiously. Veterans, they knew no assault is possible when a man is suffering from nerves. The tension would have to be worked out in slow, methodical combat. Then the explosion could take place.

Patterson was the first to get tough. He threw Mulligan to the canvas with such force Blackjack bounced a foot in the air. T-Bolt then leaped on his fallen foe, hoping to torture Mulligan with an armlock. Mulligan rolled away before the hold could be applied. The first skirmish was over.

From then on, there was a whirlwind of action. Yet, there was no wildness or recklessness. These were professionals. Every move was a product of experience and

intelligence. Nothing was left to chance. Even the illegal tactics had been planned weeks in advance.

Both men were seething with fury. The action grew vicious and ugly. No ring could contain these two men. Toppling over the ropes, they spilled onto the concrete floor. A ringside chair soon became a weapon that Patterson used to pound Mulligan senseless. Blackjack struggled back but couldn't defend himself from the onslaught.

To help his friend, Ric Flair rushed into the arena and tried to batter T-Bolt. Within seconds, the chair did its damage on the interfering Flair. Both victims stumbled about, barely able to control their movements.

The referee announced a double disqualification "for about 150 reasons." Mulligan and Flair retreated into the dressing room.

Patterson stood in the center of the ring. A long time ago, Mulligans had watched Patterson flee. It was nice to see history reversed. □

SUPERSTAR GRAHAM:



**"I'LL BE THE G
CHAMPION IN H**

BRAGGING IS AS much a part of wrestling as pain. Absurd promises become part of the air a grappler breathes. "Even if I see it, I don't believe it," one veteran mat star said often enough to be quoted. That's a pretty good rule to live by in wrestling.

Still, if enough is claimed, something has to come true. It's the law of averages, as the men who back up their opinions with money and go broke believe. But the smart boys, who never bet, are beginning to listen. The voice catching their attention belongs to Superstar Billy Graham.

They've heard and ignored him before. He was the boy who cried "champion!" too many times. The smart ones had written him off long ago as a guy who started strong but faded in the stretch. The smart ones stay smart by admitting mistakes. Graham looks like he's going all the way this time. He even sounded like a champion.

The words are the same as always, speeches of superstar

glory. But everyone has noticed something new in the way he's saying it. People are listening now, trying to figure out what has changed. As soon as they understand, start looking to see wrestlers imitating him. Everybody follows a winner.

When Graham walks into a restaurant, everything stops. The man commands attention like a beautiful woman commands whistles. It didn't use to be like that. Graham has never been a winner before. He never wanted it enough, they said. Now they say he wants it bad. What Billy Graham wants bad, he gets.

Most restaurants hope Graham goes somewhere else to eat. The man is scrupulous about what he allows into his body. All food must be prepared to his specifications. Sending food back is Graham's favorite pastime. As if this isn't enough, Billy's voice trumpets throughout the room when he gets excited. He gets excited when talking about himself. Graham only talks about himself.



Graham elbow smashes Dominic DeNucci into defeat, a fate many of Billy's opponents must suffer. As a champ, Superstar would be even crueler.

Here is the interview all of wrestling has been anticipating. Superstar Billy Graham outlines in detail what he envisions as championship style, obligations, and privileges. No one even vaguely interested in wrestling can afford to give this anything but the strictest attention

**GREATEST
HISTORY!"**

"The WWWF title is mine," he announced, while everyone turned to see what caused the commotion. Graham absorbed in himself, didn't notice. In the same blaring tones, he continued, "It's got to happen. Look at the facts. I'm at the peak of my powers. Everyone knows this. I'm not bragging. No one in the WWWF can hold a candle to me. Sammartino is a memory of what he once pretended to be. Even bribed referees can't protect a shell forever. Bruno used to be a fair wrestler. Now he can no longer hide the fact he's a joke.

"Once his belt is snug around my waist, no one can take it from me. Let's look at the competition, a word that flatters those stiff. Where do we start? Let's begin with Sammartino's buddy, the always clumsy Gorilla Monsoon. The man is called Gorilla not because of his size but because of his intelligence. He has a gorilla's brains and grace but the strength of a monkey. He's in the ratings as a favor to incompetent people the world over.

"How about Ivan Putski, the inspiration for Polish jokes? How

many Ivan Putskis does it take to lose a title match? Every one of them, all the time. There's no way a bumbling clod like Putski could ever take my title. My title. Superstar Billy Graham, WWF champion. Ruler over all he surveys. Adored by the world. Worshipped by the

multitudes. Champion Superstar Billy Graham. Superstar Billy Graham, champion. Wrestling's king, Superstar . . ."

"Can we get back to your evaluation of WWF grapplers?"

"Sorry. It's just that when I get the title, it would be nice to already

know how I should be called. I've always felt a special fondness for 'Your Worship!'"

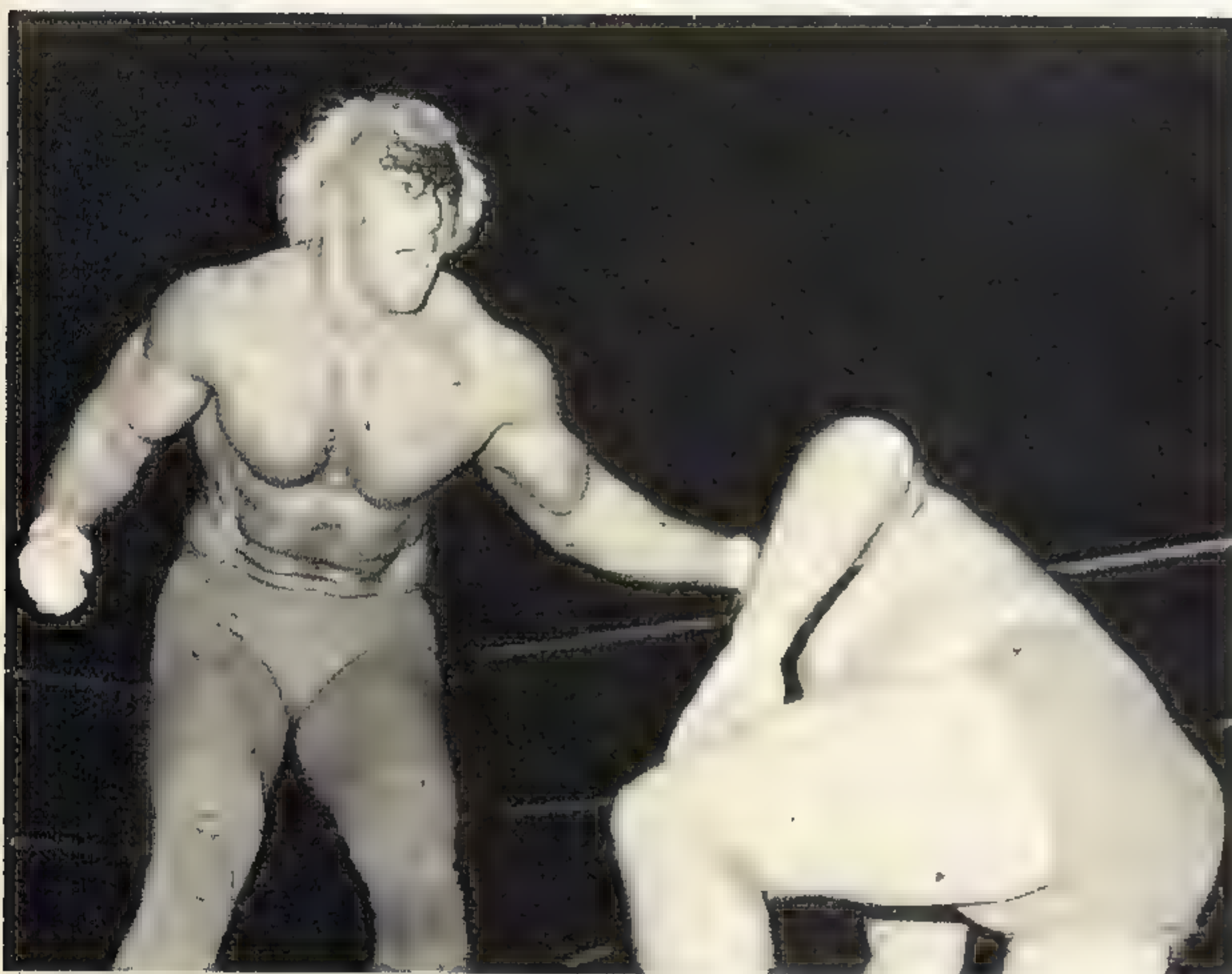
"You were saying about Chief Jay Strongbow?"

"Ah, the red menace. You know, the fans like him so much because they can identify with him. Like the





Intense training (left) is responsible for Graham's great physique. It is also the reason Billy can overwhelm Pat Barrett (above) and, even though bloody and battered, can battle against Crusher (below left).



fans, Jay is stupid and weak. He couldn't come up with an hilarious put-down like that. The only people he can defeat are those allergic to feathers. See, there's another hilarious put-down. It's not that Strongbow is only stupid and weak, he's also ugly. That's three.

"I think it's important for a champion to have a good sense of humor. The last champion, Sammar-something, only smiled when he didn't have to look into a mirror. The man is dull and simple. The reign of Superstar Billy Graham will be a fabulous time of . . ."

"You were saying about your future opponents? If you win the

title?"

"*When I win the title, when I win the title, when I win the title*, Bobo Brazil will finally get another shot at the belt. I'm not saying Sammartino was afraid of Brazil. Everyone else says that. I'm just promising to meet and beat the bum. Can you imagine a champion named 'Bobo?' Now, Superstar Billy Graham is the name of a champion. Superstar Billy Graham, champion. Superstar Billy Graham, WWWF champion. Champion Superstar Billy Graham. Sounds like a poem, doesn't it?"

"I'm sure they will change the title of 'Hamlet' to 'Superstar Billy Graham, Prince of Denmark.'"

"King of Denmark."

"Sorry, what do you think of Bob Backlund?"

"Very little. See, that wit again. But as for Backlund, he's no threat. What can he do that I can't defeat? Not a thing. Every few yers, a young kid comes along that all the experts peg as a future champion. Three years later, the kid has the night shift at a car wash. Backlund is the same type. I'll be champion longer than he'll be in wrestling.

"Oh, I'll give the louse a title shot. It will be the worst time he ever spent. He'll probably retire the night he gets defeated by me. He has no backbone. The man's a lot like those other stupid kids, Larry Zbyszko and Tony Garea. Between the three of them, there isn't a decent skill. Why don't we talk about some real wrestlers, men able to give champion Superstar Billy Graham a challenge. WWWF champion Superstar Graham, a hero to millions. Wrestling's greatest, champion Superstar Billy Graham."

Graham was left in the restaurant talking to himself, his favorite companion. He still has to defeat Bruno Sammartino before his dream becomes a reality. If he does get over that considerable hurdle, then the title reign he envisions could become a reality. Many people think Graham is going all the way this time. The time could be right. Graham is ready. □

THE TITANIC APARTMENT WRESTLING MATCH...

FO

THERE WAS NO way to deny it any longer. The photographs of her husband and the young woman were positive proof her world had crumbled. She hastily thanked the detective and tried to stand up, but she was trembling too convulsively to move. Paralyzed, the lady just sat there and stared emotionlessly ahead.

The detective had seen this all before. He waited for his client to regain control. Years ago, he used to offer a glass of water, words of comfort, or anything else that came to mind. Now he knew better. He just sat there, waiting.

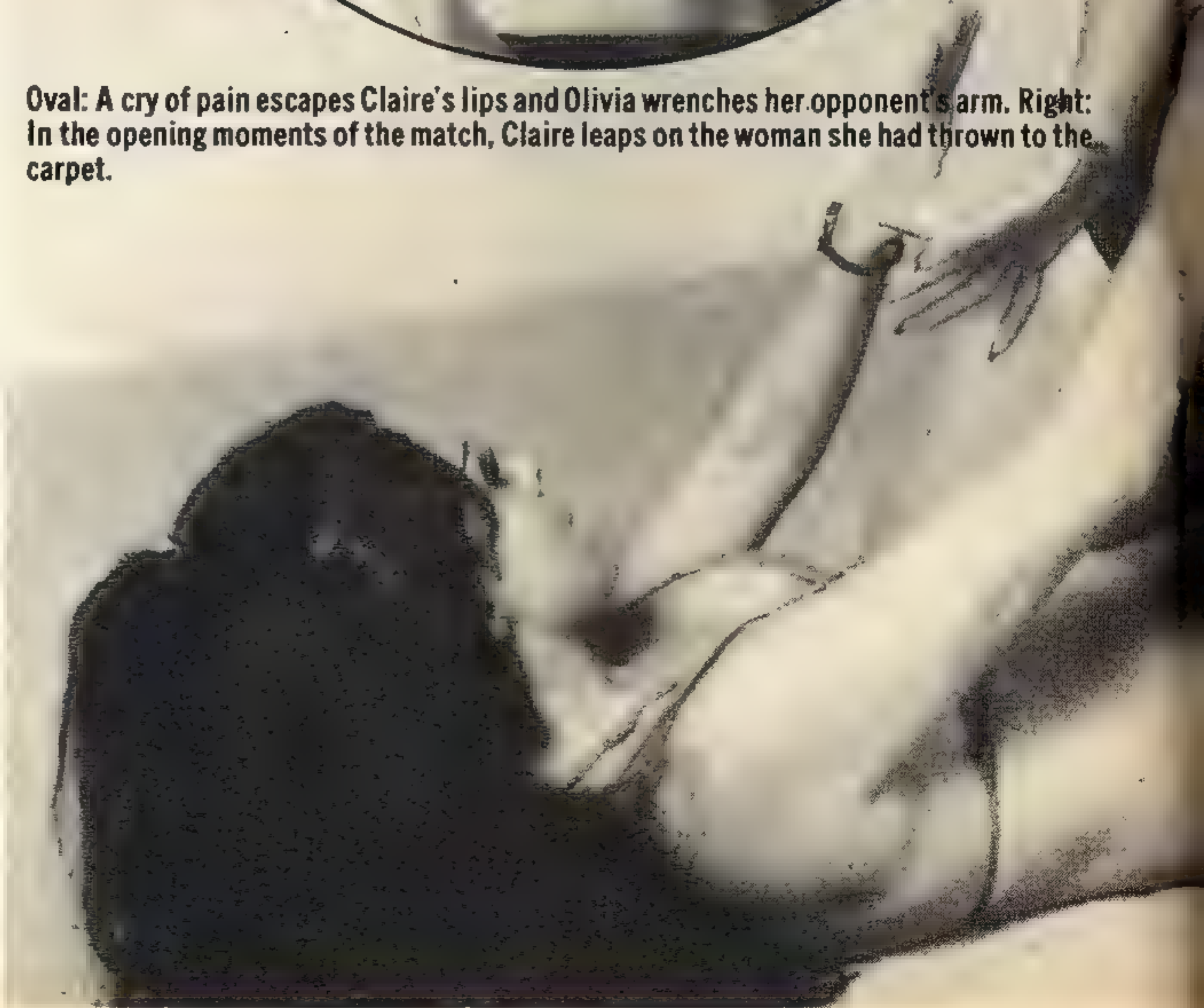
When the woman finally regained control, she stood up and wordlessly left. All logic told her to throw the report away and forget about it. There were six years of marriage at stake. This tramp shall pass from her husband's life and all will be the same. Yet, an ugly voice shouted in her brain. Nothing would ever be the same again. Some stupid floozie had destroyed her life.

When the woman—whom we shall call Claire—arrived at her Muttontown, New York mansion, she read the detective's report in detail. The words ate like acid into her soul while she learned of places, dates, weekend cottages, and the address of her rival's plush East Side apartment. It then became obvious to Claire why she was wearing last year's mink.

The woman's name was Olivia.



Oval: A cry of pain escapes Claire's lips and Olivia wrenches her opponent's arm. Right: In the opening moments of the match, Claire leaps on the woman she had thrown to the carpet.



FOR THE HIGHEST STAKES EVER!



She had no visible source of income, though Claire could guess how she was making ends meet. According to the detective's report, Olivia was known for making husbands beholden to her.

One other fact caught Claire's eye. Olivia had gained a modicum of fame in sophisticated New York circles as an apartment wrestler. It was difficult to find opponents for the woman because of Olivia's ruthless cruelty. Women proud of their appearance tend to avoid circumstances that leave scars. It had come to the point where any woman could wrestle Olivia just for the asking, though few were brave enough to ask.

Claire decided to ask. As she envisioned the scene, it seemed perfect. Her husband would be there, of course, as would a good many of his friends and business acquaintances. She knew and was known by most of them. And they

A fabulously wealthy woman tries to wreak revenge upon her husband and his mistress. Driven, the wife becomes an apartment wrestler and writes the most startling chapter ever to this incredible spectacle!



Olivia's magnificent body arches with strength as she cruelly bends back Claire's lithe legs. The look of the conqueror turns Olivia's exquisite face into a mask of savage power lust.

would wonder why she was there. Claire would be sure to tell them.

Of course, she would also get her chance to punish Olivia. To feel that slut writhe beneath her power, cry from her beating, and wither under her fury. She wasn't fighting for her

husband—to hell with him—she just wanted to hurt Olivia.

It didn't take her long to arrange the match. One phone call to Mark Emile was all that was needed. Emile had no idea who the young lady was, but it didn't matter at this point.

Anyone willing to wrestle Olivia was fine in his book. Besides, Emile lived lucky. He knew the lady over the phone would be extraordinary.

The morning of the match, Claire bid good-bye to her husband as if it was any other day. As the chauffeur opened the door to their limousine, the philanderer told his wife he'd be home late that night. Claire smiled and said nothing. The evening would have its own surprise.

Claire spent the day in a local health spa. A masseur worked over her lush body, relaxing muscles and nerves. A trainer put her through a series of exercises designed to bring the woman to her peak of power. Everything physical science could do for a woman was done for Claire. When the future grappler left the spa, she knew this was as physically perfect as she could possibly be.

While Claire's Ferrari flew down the highway toward New York City, Olivia and Claire's husband—whom we call Samuel—were having a light dinner in a discreet bistro. Their conversation covered many subjects, barely touching upon the evening's spectacle. Before they left for the penthouse, Samuel gave Olivia a small, velvet box. Inside was a Swiss watch costing more than most people earn in a year.

"Wear it tonight," Samuel whispered to his raven-tressed love, "and I'll feel I'm in there with you."

"It might break, love."

"I remember where I bought it. I can get another one."

With a smile guaranteed to make a man her slave for life, Olivia donned the jeweled timepiece. If Claire could have witnessed the scene, her hard smile would have frozen into her features. Olivia and Samuel, without a thought to Claire, began the journey to the most remarkable evening of their lives.

Claire arrived early. Emile greeted his unknown grappler and smiled. When you're born lucky, the man figured, beautiful women seek your company. This sophisticated blonde, her appearance declaring wealth and breeding, would be perfect for the evening's entertainment.

"I'd like to wait in the bedroom

(Continued on page 54)



CARLOS ROCHA: THE SURPRISING HERO

HE ENTERS THE ring to polite applause. By the time Portugal's Carlos Rocha is finished with his opponent, the crowd is standing on its feet giving him a well deserved ovation.

Carlos is a new face to fans in the World Wide Wrestling Federation area. But he is no new face to the sport of pro wrestling. Rocha has been grappling in Michigan, Canada, and in

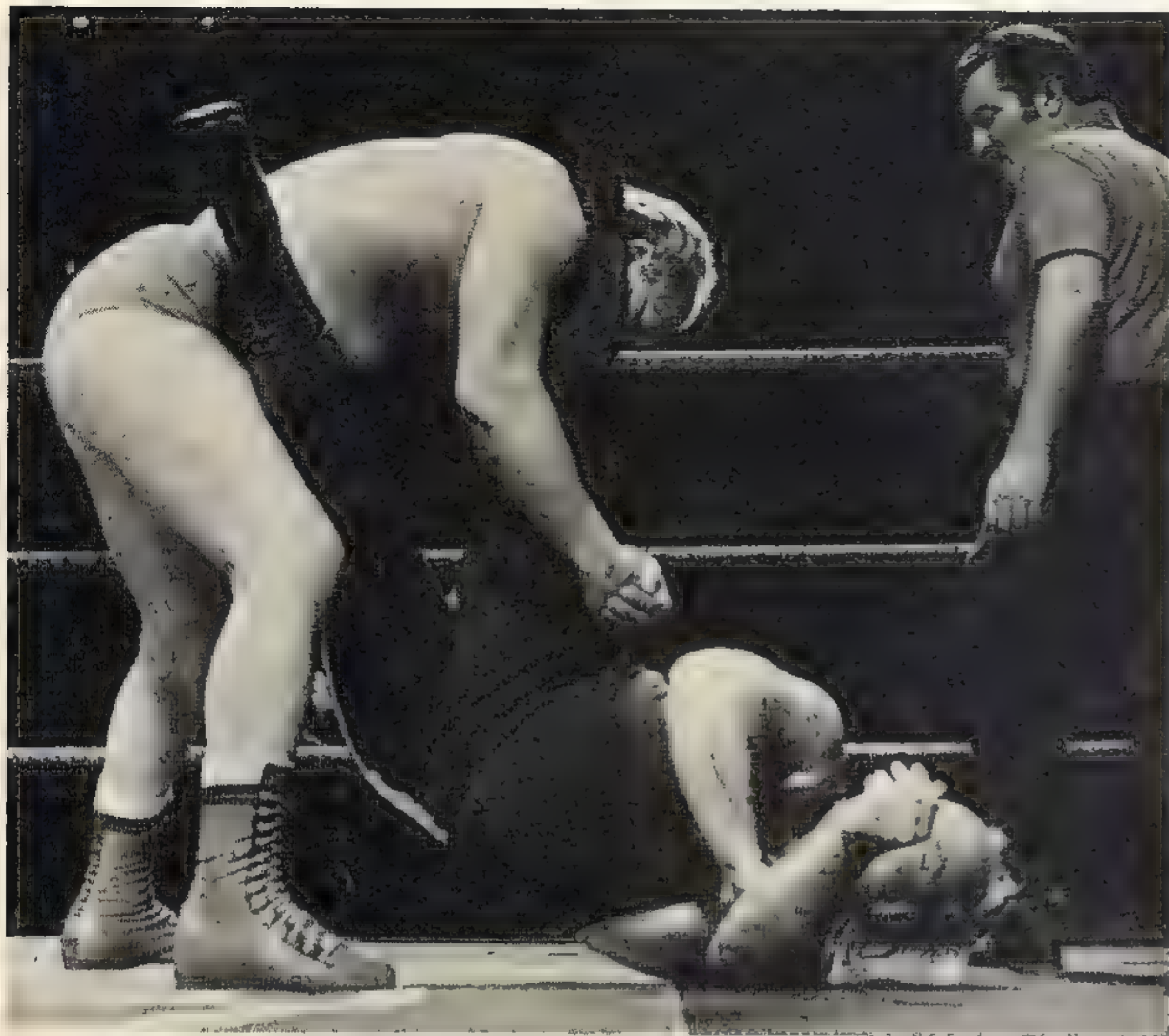
his native Portugal for almost two decades. Several years ago he embarked on a lengthy tour of Europe and successfully defended his Portugese title during that stint. His name became a household word in Europe and he hopes the same will happen here now that he is in the WWWF.

"The fans here have been wonderful to me," says Carlos, grinning from ear

to ear. "I have not wrestled many of the best talent in the Federation yet, but the people still support me, and make me feel like I am their hero. I am pleasantly surprised. For this treatment I will go after the biggest rulebreakers in the Federation and defeat them."

Rocha is used to tackling with vicious men. His classic Canadian and Michigan battles against The Sheik

No one expected veteran Carlos Rocha to capture the imagination of WWF fans everywhere. Once again, the fans have proven smarter than the experts. Long overdue, Carlos Rocha's time has finally come!



Above: Carlos dominates his opponent during an exciting battle. Carlos employed all his veteran skills in this great confrontation. Below: Carlos stands tall and proud while his fans shout encouragement. They have made Carlos their favorite.



stand out in many fans' minds as the most brutal and exciting in history. Rocha was one man The Sheik had to be on his guard against at all times. His crafty Portugese style of wrestling baffles both the most vicious and the most scientific men in the sport.

"I am amazed at the man," notes Gashouse Doug Gilbert, a recent rulebreaking opponent of Carlos's. "I must admit that I took this guy too lightly. He escaped from my best holds time after time. No one does that to me. But this Rocha character showed me some things I have never seen before. I am not ashamed to admit that I would welcome learning some of the Portugese methods. They would add quite a bit to any wrestler's bag of tricks."

As for scientific wrestling, Johnny Rivera, who wrestles only by the rules, had an opportunity to square off against Rocha.

"The match ended in a 30 minute draw," said Johnny. "I ached after the match. I have never been flipped, armlocked or headlocked so much in one match. The guy just used hold after hold and I just couldn't counter his moves half the time. I would love to wrestle him again just to find ways to keep this guy locked in a hold!"

And now for the fans. Why are they backing Rocha?

"He's fun to watch!" Jamie Ferndock of Philadelphia says, "I love to see how confused his opponents become when they try to catch Carlos in a hold. He just slips right out. I have never seen anyone do that. Carlos Rocha is one of the best as far as I am concerned."

Agreeing with Jamie is Barry Cleardorn.

"We see guys like Ivan Putski, Gorilla Monsoon, Tony Garea, and they are great. But they have all gotten into brawling. Rocha remains scientific throughout the match and proves he can win with those tactics. I respect a man for that. Carlos Rocha is a classy wrestler and I back him one hundred percent."

One tactic Carlos uses regularly is not looked upon as being scientific by many officials. It is the headbutt.

"I say it is fair," notes Rocha. "It is far less brutal than most of the tactics employed by others. It is a fast method of stunning an opponent without being too brutal. I have heard many commissioners try to get the headbutt banned. If they do, it will not hurt me. I have other effective tactics I can use—but I like using the headbutt, I really do."

And the fans love to see Carlos use the headbutt on his opponents. They know that none will get up from that until he bodypresses him for the "three" count. And that is something the WWF fans are becoming more and more accustomed to—seeing Carlos Rocha climb the ladder to their hearts and to the top of the ranks of the WWF! □



A cage match against Mad Dog Vachon is one of the most dangerous challenges any wrestler can face. Crusher sought this match because he knows a man must take risks to realize his ambitions. And Crusher's ambition is to drive Mad Dog Vachon from wrestling!

CRUSHER HAS SURVIVED too many matches for him to have to worry about one more. The man is a professional. He does the job he has to do with the best of his ability. He makes no excuses and asks for

none. Victory or defeat is something he has learned to live with.

The steel cage in the middle of the arena didn't bother Crusher. It wasn't the first one he'd seen, nor would it be the last. A professional, he checked out

the cage for possible flaws: a jagged piece of metal, a loose coupling, anything that might gain an advantage or cost a match. Crusher took more than an hour to examine the cage. He always does.

CRUSHER CAGES MAD DOG



He then went to his dressing room. Reporters asked him if he is worried about his opponent, Mad Dog Vachon. They asked him a lot of questions. Crusher answered them as he has done many times before. There's nothing new anyone can ask him. Crusher was polite throughout. He is a professional.

As he responds, Crusher devotes his real attention to his equipment. Everything he will use is scrutinized for safety and comfort. He has to lace his boots eight times before feeling the proper combination of comfort and

PHOTOS BY BOB RUIZ



Blood obscuring the features of his face, Crusher nevertheless pounds away at Mad Dog Vachon (left) and then sends his victim hurtling across the canvas (above).

support. Six times is about the usual number for this ritual. Cage matches demand extra attention.

Crusher continues to answer questions while he does stretching exercises to loosen up, break a sweat. He wants his body working at optimum efficiency from the very first moment. He knows Mad Dog Vachon doesn't give a man much time to play around.

Outside the dressing room, fans cheer or boo the action taking place. Still, one senses an impatience as the fans anticipate the cage match. No one needs to tell them about this match. Many had bought their tickets a month in advance. All know of

Crusher's rugged skill and unequalled courage. Everyone has seen Mad Dog's savagery tear an opponent to pieces. One man will end the evening in glory. The other could easily end it in the hospital.

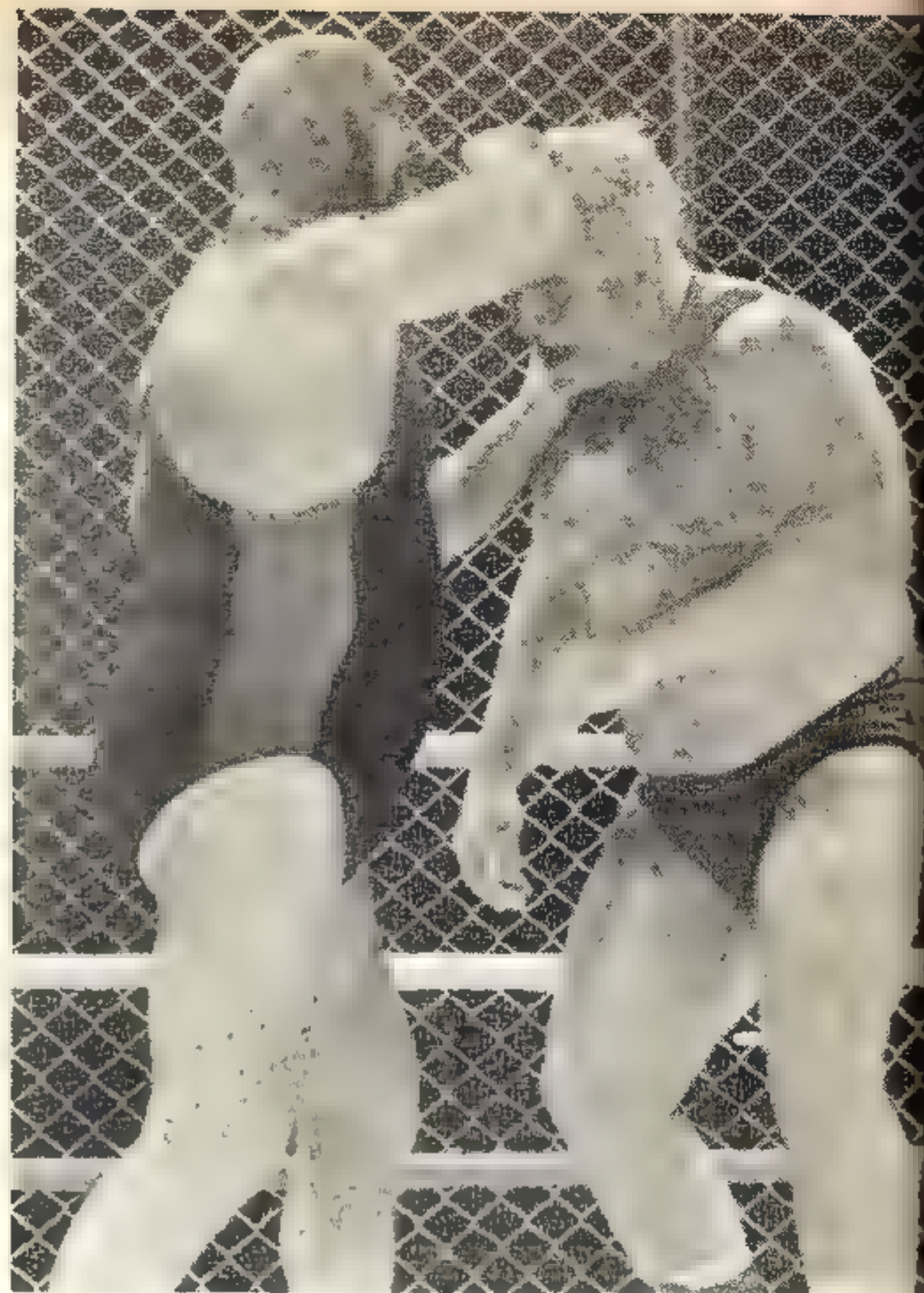
The time came. The cage stood ugly and tall beneath arena lights. First Crusher entered the field of battle through a door in the cage. A minute later, Vachon followed. The door was closed. The bell sounded. The match began.

Vachon knew better than to be reckless in the bout's opening moments. Crusher knows better than to be reckless at any time. The two opponents approached each other cautiously. This match, made in anger, would be settled in cold rage.

As the men locked together, one couldn't help but think of the circumstances which had forced this pair into combat. Were the words of Vachon's challenge still stinging Crusher's ears? Did Mad Dog expect Crusher to accept the cage match? Did either man want to be trapped within this cage?

Reflection stopped as the battle grew ferocious. Powerful bodies crashing against steel made the cage walls shudder. These veterans use every maneuver to punish their foe. The action became a blur of armlocks, leglocks, chops, flips, and slams. Both men began to show the effects of wear and tear.

Finally, a series of illegal maneuvers gave the advantage to Vachon. Crusher stumbled back weakly, unable to defend himself. With killer instinct pushing him onward, Mad Dog pounded away at his increasingly weakening foe.



Above: Mad Dog slashes away at the skull of Crusher. Left: A bloody and beaten Vachon lies on the canvas as Crusher rests a moment before starting his climb up the cage.

Crusher sank to the canvas. All Vachon needed now for victory was to climb over the cage. His hands grabbed the grilling and his feet found supports. He began to climb.

Mad Dog was about half way up the edge, seemingly assured of victory, when Crusher got to his feet. Moving with a professional's determination, Crusher leaped into the air and pounded his fist into the small of Vachon's back. Mad Dog stiffened as if electrocuted and toppled to the canvas. Within an instant, Crusher was on him.

The battle raged within, this time Crusher gaining the upper hand. Vachon grew more cruel, more treacherous, more savage. Nothing worked. Crusher retained control of the battle. When Vachon crumpled to the canvas, it was as much out of despair as agony.

Crusher climbed onto the cage. Slowly, for his arms and legs ached, he hoisted himself up the steel barrier. Finally, he got to the top. Wobbly, dizzy, exhausted, he leaped to the concrete floor below. He landed safe and sound and victorious.

In the cage, where many people feel he belongs, Mad Dog Vachon remained. □

Larry Zbyszko Pleads:



**"DON'T
CALL ME
'LITTLE
BRUNO'
ANYMORE!"**

THERE WAS A time when he was more than content to stay in the shadows, coming out only when requested. He was still young, inexperienced. He was still learning. He kept his mouth shut. He was the silent protege. And for a

time, that made him happy.

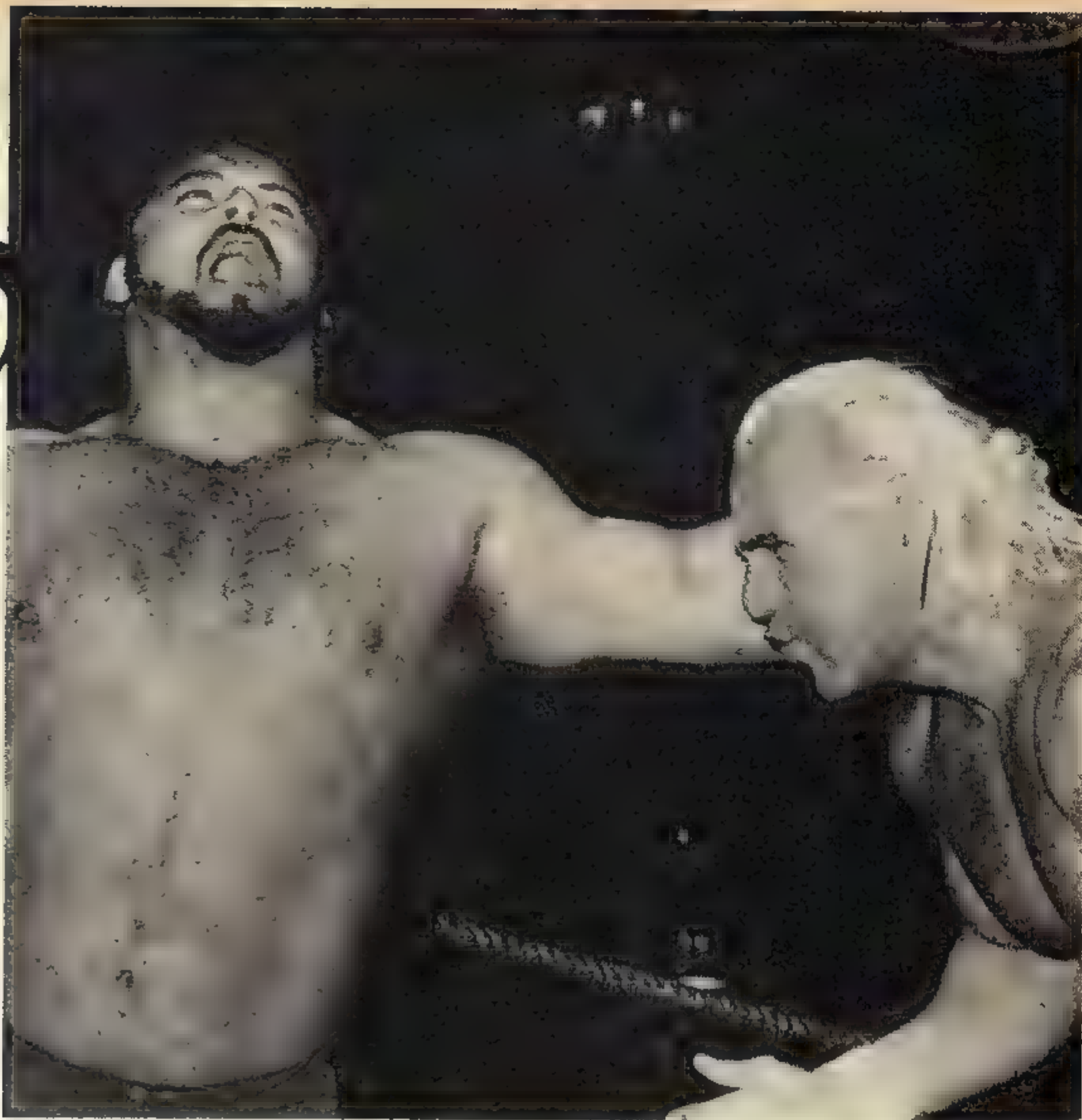
Of course, he is quite grateful. He truly appreciates everything Bruno Sammartino has done for him. But he feels it is now time for him to go out on his own; to do what he wants to do; to gain his own fame; to

emerge from the shadows.

When Larry Zbyszko first knocked on Bruno's door asking for guidance, he was willing to do whatever his mentor wanted him to do. All he wanted was the chance to

(Continued on page 62)

Most wrestlers would give five years off their careers to be compared to Bruno Sammartino. Larry Zbyszko is now begging reporters not to refer to him as the man waiting to fill Bruno's shoes. Why should a man reject what others desire most?



Ivan Putski (left) has carried the fans' banner into combat against many ruthless foes. Superstar Billy Graham (above) and Stan Hansen (opposite page, right) are just two examples.



FOR TOO LONG, the efforts of this one man have gone unrewarded and unheralded. So, it is with great pride and honor **SPORTS REVIEW WRESTLING** names Ivan Putski as its "Wrestler of the Month."

No other man is more deserving of this honor. Ivan Putski has long served as a model for other wrestlers to emulate. He has kept his dignity through some of the worst trials any man has ever had to face. He has been matched against some of the toughest men in the

sport, and he has managed to come out on top. The only honor which has eluded him is a world championship belt.

Those who are close to the wrestlers will tell you the most considerate man in the sport is Ivan Putski. He will go out of his way to help anyone needing assistance. He is always there with a word of encouragement for his fellow wrestlers when times are bleak.

But above all else, he is one of the best wrestlers in the sport. He has remained one of the truly scientific wrestlers at a time when some so-called scientific wrestlers often opt to use less-than-legal tactics to win matches. He has a wide range of maneuvers which he has perfected over the years, and he knows how to use each one effectively.

It cannot be ignored that Ivan Putski is one of the best-loved wrestlers in the sport today. He has thousands of fans wherever he goes. Indeed, in a recently conducted poll, Ivan Putski emerged as one of the five most popular wrestlers currently in the sport. And

is it any wonder? Putski has courted the fans' favor for years, doing all he can to please those who love him.

Putski has never been afraid of a challenge. He has faced men like Ken Patera, Stan Stasiak, Bruiser Brodie, and others of their ilk. And he has successfully met these challenges. Is it any wonder he deserves to be "Wrestler of the Month?"

In many ways, Ivan Putski is a very fortunate wrestler. His career options are still wide open. He has chosen to make his mark both in the WWWF and the NWA. His fame has grown in both associations. He can still become champion of either. And Ivan Putski as champion is something the entire wrestling community would gladly welcome. His fortunes are still growing. Ivan is still learning new tactics and maneuvers. He is becoming better and better as a wrestler.

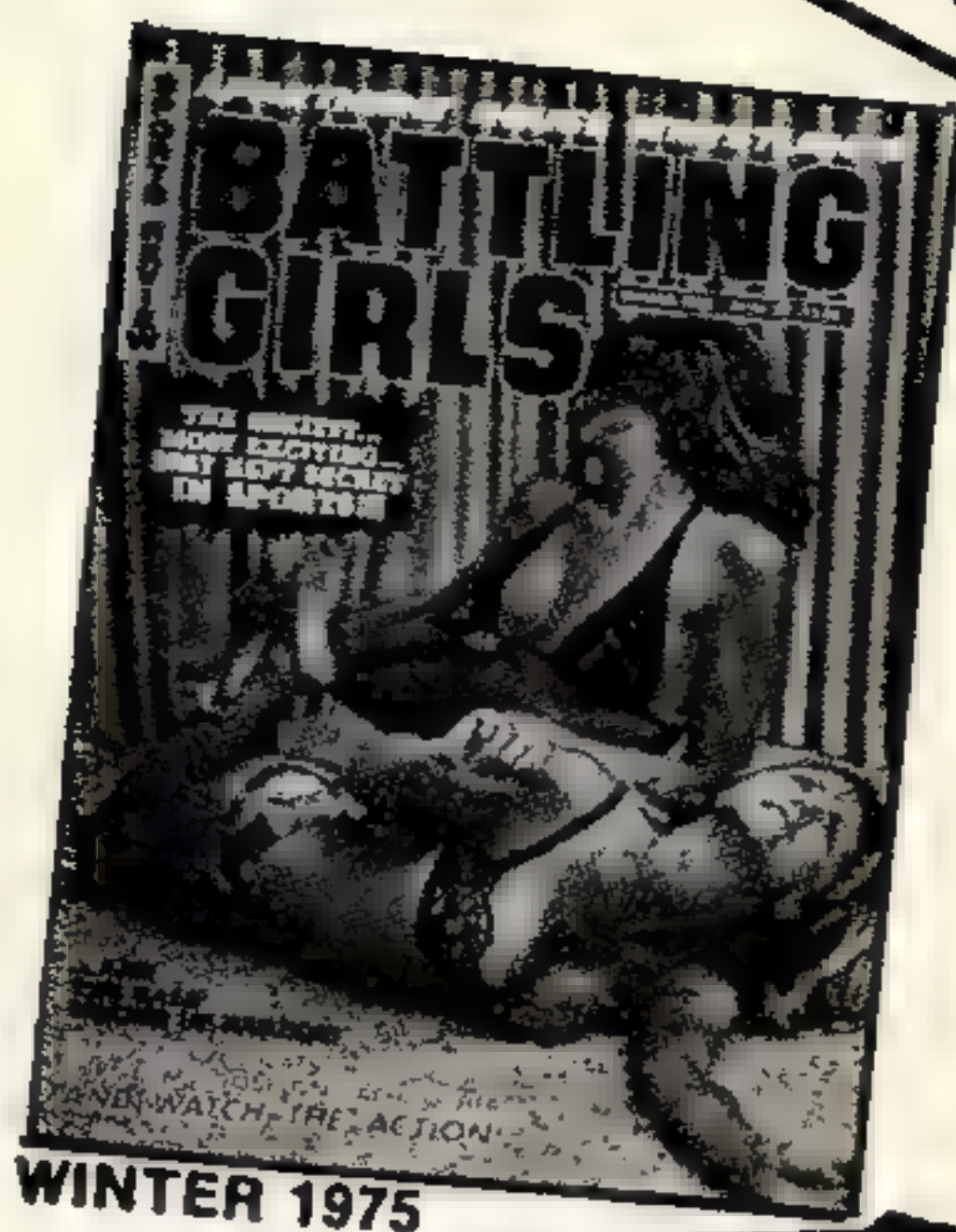
For these reasons, among many others, Ivan Putski has been chosen as the "Wrestler of the Month." We think he truly deserves this honor. □

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PHOTOGRAPHERS
AND WRITERS
WHO KNOW IT
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Fortunately, we have a limited supply of additional copies, which we are now making available. We warn you to avoid another sold out disappointment by ordering immediately.



MAY 1976

ADULT
READING

WE ACCUSE

(Continued from Page 18)

Indeed, Nick Bockwinkle has not been a happy man ever since he was forced into signing that contract. He may publicly deny it, but we know the truth of the matter. And we must deplore what has happened to him.

Though we can never condone the methods Bockwinkle uses to win matches, we must sympathize with him in this situation. We feel no wrestler should be forced into an iron-clad contract which virtually turns him into his manager's slave. This is what has happened to Nick Bockwinkle.



Bockwinkle stands with his former friend, Ray Stevens. Heenan has forced Nick to battle Stevens.

It is now time for the commissions to make this fiendish contract null and void. After all, it is up to the men who control wrestling to protect the wrestlers from just this type of situation. If they can't do their jobs, then every wrestler in every association is in danger of becoming a slave to some manager. And this would be the worst thing that could ever happen to the sport.

Where will it all end? Bobby Heenan has broken the spirit of Nick Bockwinkle. Will he do the same to the other men he manages? Will Bobby Duncum and Blackjack Lanza be forced to sign the same kind of

(Continued on page 50)

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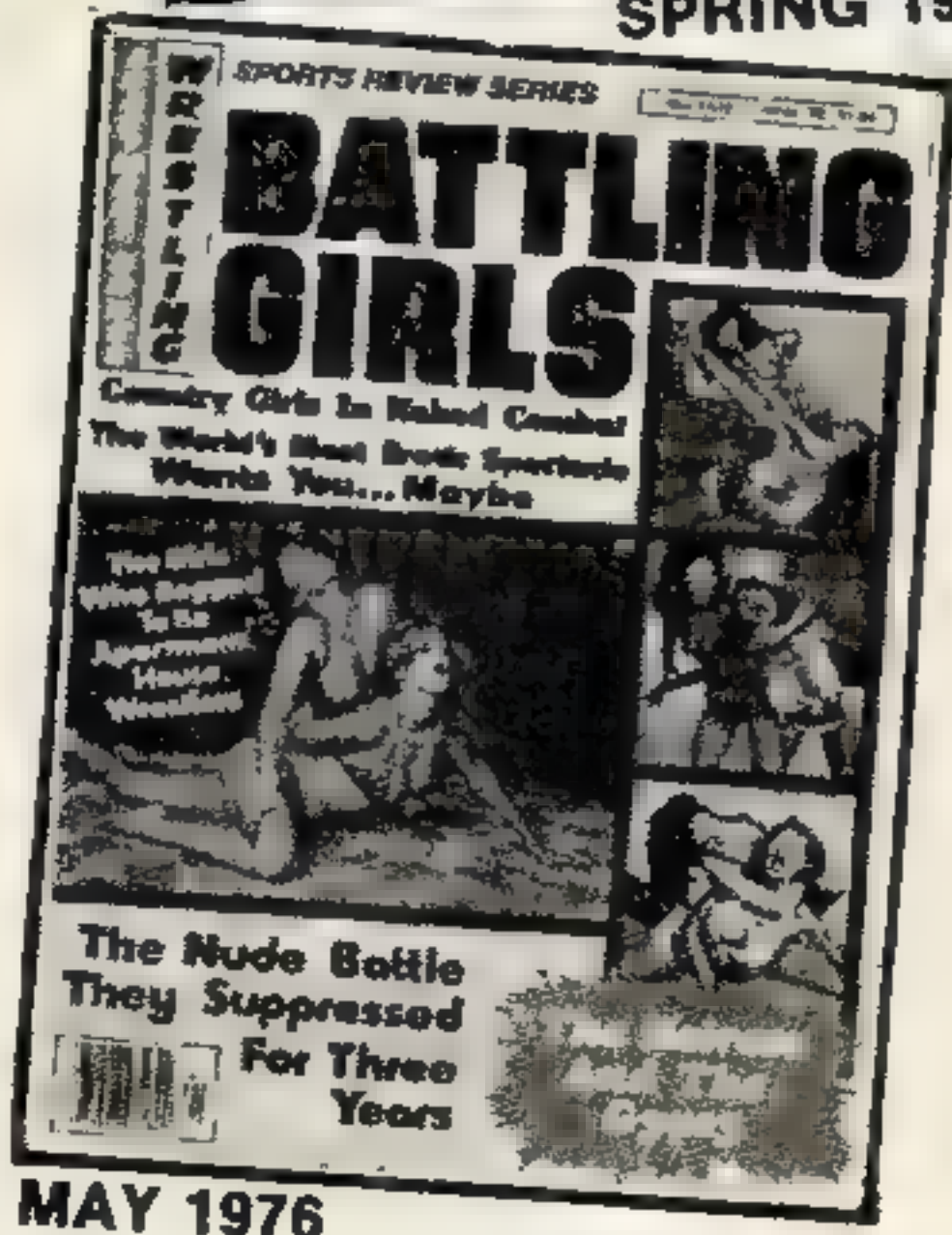
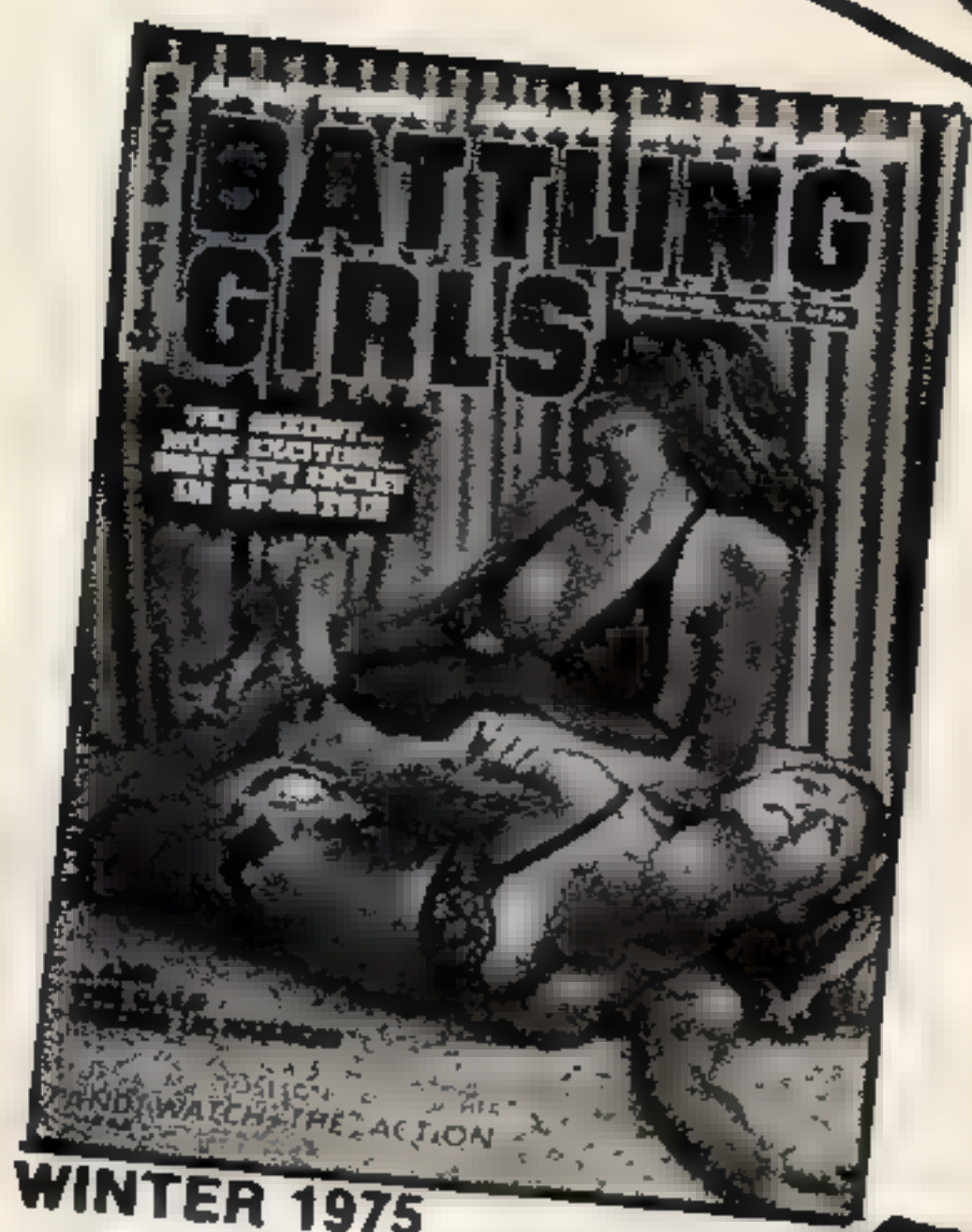
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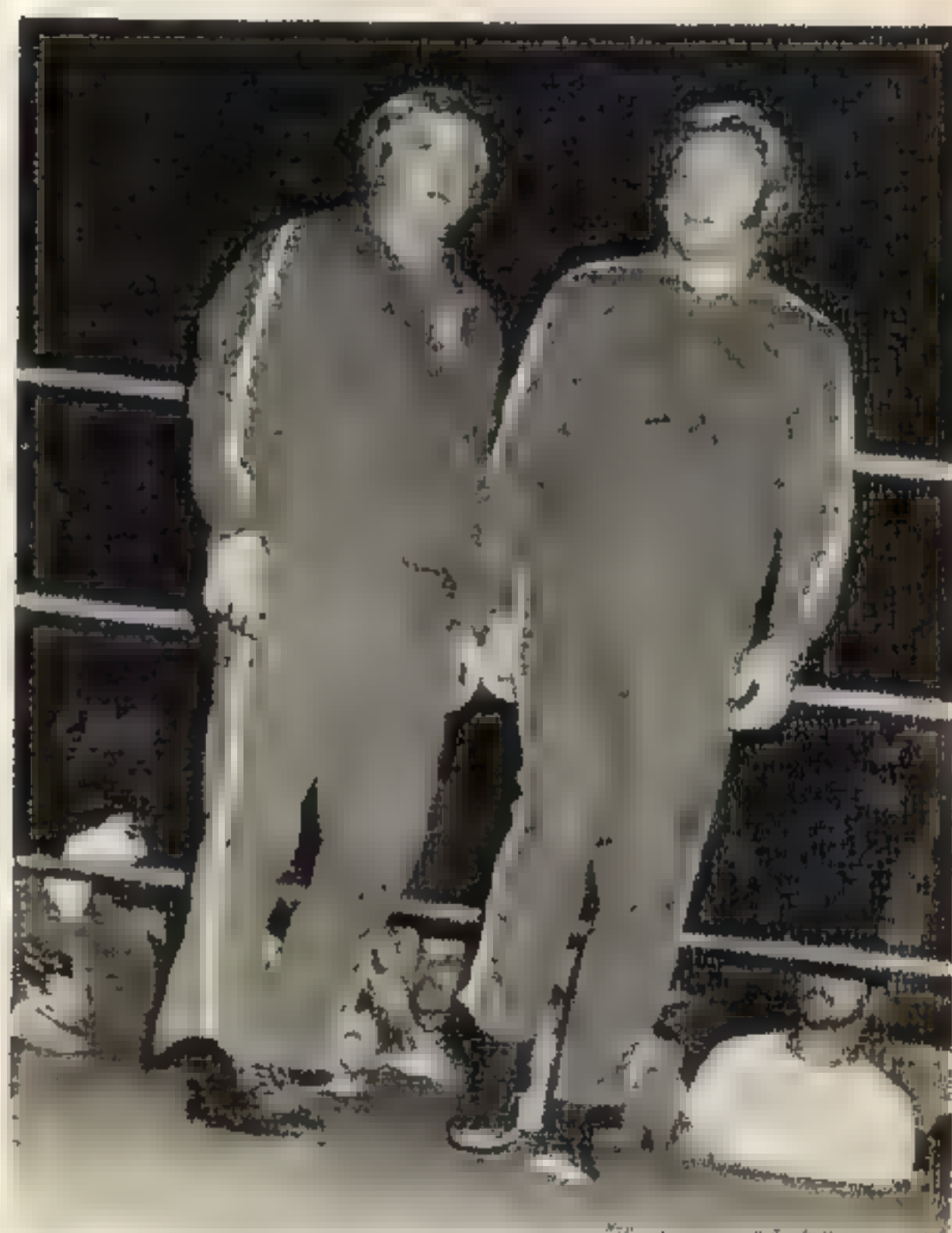
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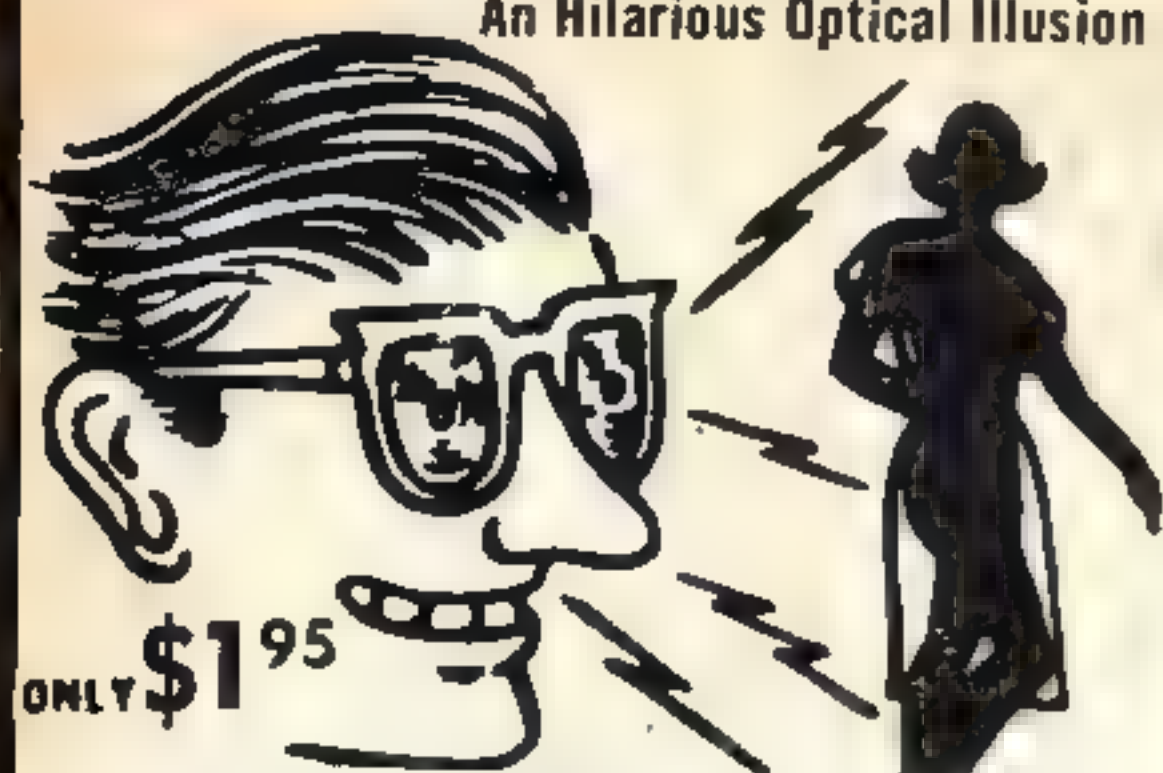
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(Continued on page 50)

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(Continued from Page 48)



In the early days of his championship reign, Nick is proud to pose wearing the AWA title belt. Today, the champion sees the belt as a chain linking him to Bobby Heenan. There is rarely a smile on Nick's face when posing nowadays. After all, what is there to smile about?

contract Bockwinkle did? Will they also become zombies in the service of one ruthless man?

We certainly hope this never comes to pass. This situation has gone too far already. It must come to

a just conclusion. It is our sincere desire the AWA will step in and void this contract. This kind of arrangement between wrestler and manager must never be allowed to be repeated! □

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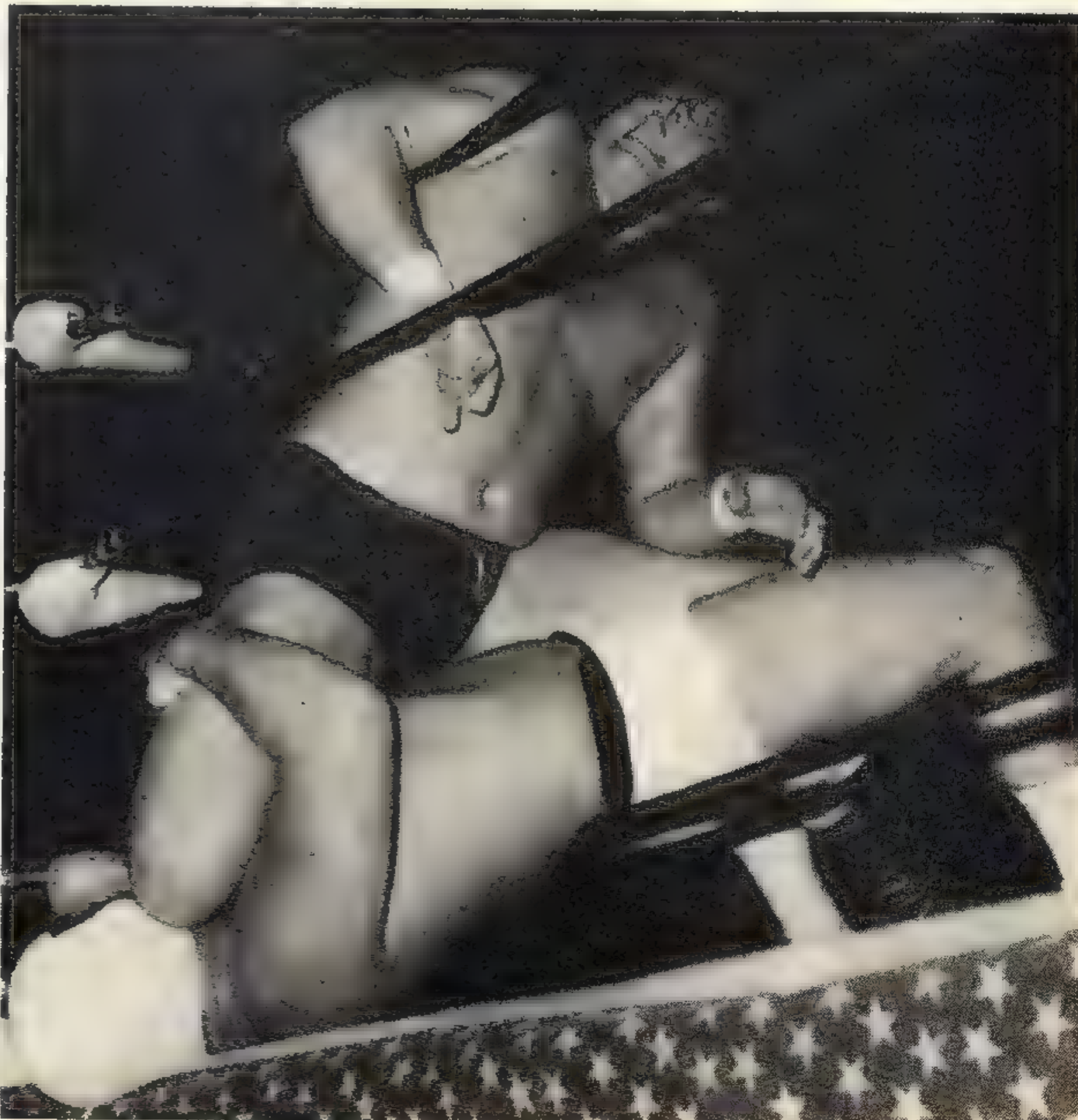
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Mr. Wrestling II vs. Dick Slater

(Continued from Page 23)



Above: Mr. Wrestling II pounds the mat in frustration as he tries to escape from Dick Slater's clutches. Below: The tormented body of Mr. Wrestling II is draped over the ropes as Slater digs his knee into the helpless man's throat. Tactics like this make it inevitable one of the two men will be permanently injured in combat.





Slater's face tells the story as he reels back into the rope after a forearm smash by Mr. Wrestling II.

anything against Dick Slater that I wouldn't do against any other man I wrestled . . . I might just do it with a little more intensity and feeling."

Mr. Wrestling II is also rationalizing his role in this situation. In his heart, he knows this feud is senseless. He knows it should be ended. But he also knows he cannot stop it himself. There must be a mutual agreement between Dick Slater and himself before the needless bloodshed comes to a halt.

However, when all the facts are examined, it is quite clear neither man is willing to make any concessions to the other. Compromise is impossible if neither side is willing to bargain. The resolution of this feud will be in blood, and that is unfortunate.

Neither man can well afford to allow this continuing violence against the other to continue. It is killing both men. They are wasting their talents destroying each other. And no good is coming of all this.

It is now time for outsiders to step in and end this nonsense. The commissions should try to call a halt to these battles. Promoters should stop matching Mr. Wrestling II against Dick Slater. Fans should make clear their disappointment that this mess is allowed to continue. But no matter what, the feud between Dick Slater and Mr. Wrestling II must end. It would be to everyone's benefit if it did.

And, of course, if this senselessness did end, someone's life might be saved. That would make the immediate halt to this needless violence justified. ☐

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TITANIC APARTMENT MATCH

(Continued from Page 36)



before the match. I don't want to meet anyone beforehand."

"Everyone will be so disappointed. After all, you never know whose acquaintance you might make."

"I know too many people already."

Emile led the blonde into a bedroom and went back to preparing for the evening's festivities. He gave no more thought to the woman's request for privacy. To each her own, he thought.

Soon guests arrived, champagne poured, small talk was exchanged, and everything seemed perfect. Olivia and Samuel arrived fashionably late. The brunette enjoyed every moment of her entrance as the men flocked around her.

"And where is my opponent?" she asked Emile.

"Claire asked to stay in the bedroom until the match."

Above: Olivia doubles Claire over, turning the blonde's exquisite body into a mess of agonized flesh. Claire surrendered moments after this photo was taken. Below: Claire snares Olivia in a headlock.



"Claire!? Olivia and Samuel both screamed with delight. Isn't life interesting: Olivia's foe would have the same name as Samuel's wife. Olivia went into her bedroom still chuckling. Her companion went for the champagne.

Soon, it was time for the match to begin. First, Emile summoned Olivia. The young beauty strutted into the center of the room, delighting in the familiar feel of the plush carpet on her bare feet. She



With skill goaded by hatred, Claire stretches Olivia's body until no muscle is free of torment.

felt only slight curiosity as to the identity of her opponent. Everyone else regarded the unknown lady as Olivia's victim, and thought of her as a bullfight crowd regards the bull.

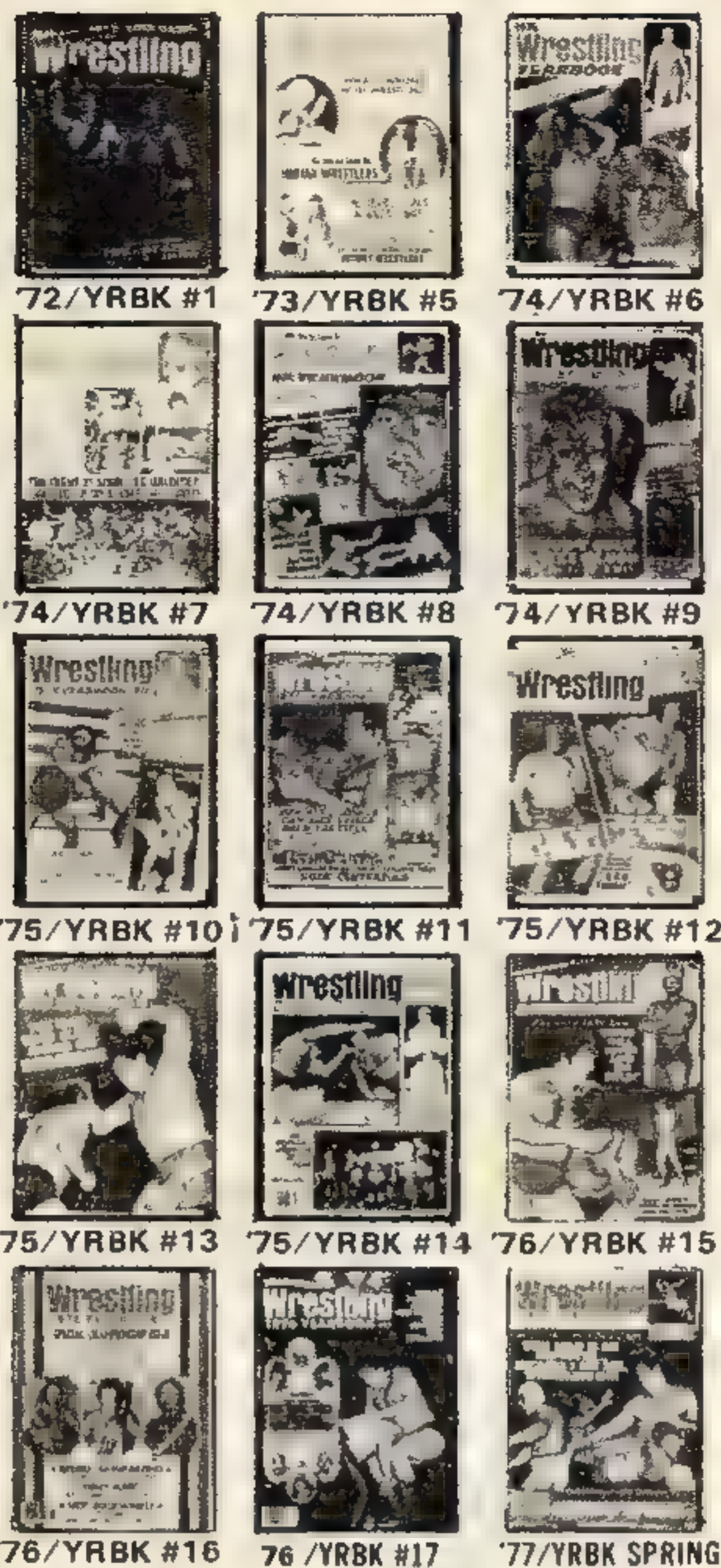
When Claire finally made her entrance, about half of the crowd could do nothing to hide the shock. Those who had never met Claire quickly learned of her identity. All eyes tried to avoid staring at Samuel. There were enough men in the audience who could all too easily empathize with the man's plight.

It didn't take Olivia long to realize her opponent was Samuel's wife. The discreet murmers were enough to make her sense something was wrong. When Samuel bolted for the door, his face white as a sheet, Olivia realized what had happened. A smirk crossed over her lovely face. Spectators were reminded of a young lion staring at the aging leader of the tribe.

(Continued on page 56)

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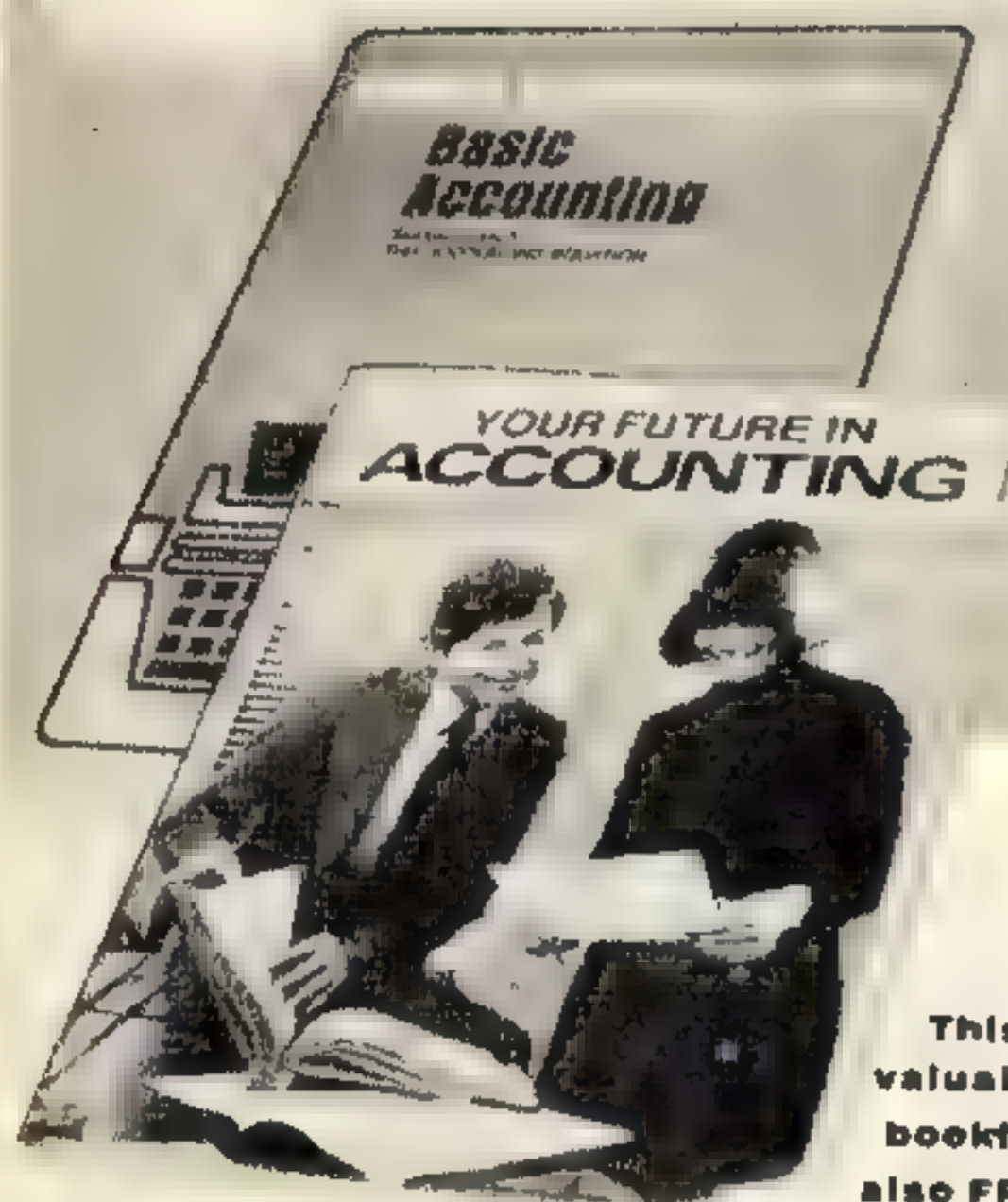
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8

TITANIC APARTMENT MATCH

(Continued from Page 55)



Claire delights in twisting Olivia's leg as the brunette tries to escape (above). Olivia works her way free and pushes Claire away (left). After the two women get to their feet, Olivia attacks and it's the beginning of the end for Claire (below).



Claire stared hard at her face. She looked over the beauty in the skimpy bikini, wondering what physical attractions were so great as to drive her husband away and threaten their marriage. Claire couldn't believe she was any less voluptuous, less sensuous, or less beautiful than her rival. They would soon learn which woman was made of sterner stuff.

As for Emile, he was ready to call the whole thing off. "Claire you've proved your point. I think we can forget about the match. Why don't we all go home?"

"Why don't you tell us to begin?" Claire snapped back. "I came for a reason!"

Emile looked at Olivia. The

brunette snapped her head down hard in a savage nod. "Then ladies, begin."

Claire needed no second invitation. She rushed at her foe, nail clawing and teeth flashing. Olivia stood her ground, not attempting anything to delay the first moment of contact. Before anyone realized what had happened, the two

(Continued on page 58)

TITANIC APARTMENT MATCH

(Continued from Page 57)



Claire tries to spin free as Olivia's talon nails dig deep into the firm thigh of the beautiful blonde. In these moments, the mistress begins to take the match from the wife.

women were locked in savage embrace. As one, they stumbled across the room until crashing into the wall. Then the pair fell to the ground.

Claire had no experience in the sport and it showed. Her movements were crude and she gave no thought to saving her strength. Rage drove her to crazed abandon, a sort of St. Vitus assault. Olivia knew if she could survive the

first few minutes of the match, Claire could be tortured at will.

As for the blonde, she assumed Olivia as withering under the assault. As the brunette lay upon the carpet, Claire grabbed at her victim's leg and twisted mercilessly. She rolled Olivia over on her stomach and started to drag the woman across the carpet. Even a shag carpet can burn belly and breasts. Olivia tried to stop the

agony by flopping across the carpet, limiting contact of flesh on carpet. At this point, the brunette realized survival would have to be done on the offensive, not the defensive.

But there was little Olivia could do. Claire tore into her opponent, kicking and scratching like a demon. She gave Olivia no moment's respite. Fists pounded into the brunette's face and belly, talon nails raked across breasts and thighs, feet and knees smashed into any available target. Olivia reeled across the room, agony flooding her senses.

As her opponent crumbled, Claire grew more confident. Bloodlust filled her brain as she saw her most hated enemy squirm and moan. Every movement seemed guided by a war god. All the humiliation, all the heartbreak, all the lonely were being avenged. And Olivia could only survive as best she could.

But the punishment began to take its toll on both women. Claire didn't have the stamina to keep up the attack for long. Olivia realized her tormentor was weakening. It could be only a couple of minutes more before the tables turned. Only a couple of minutes.

Soon the spectators realized what Olivia knew. They hunched in their chairs, tense with excitement. The famed assault of the fabulous brunette was about to begin.

The moment came. Claire was trying to grab Olivia's leg and her hand slipped off the sweaty limb. Claire went stumbling backwards, finally falling over her own feet. Olivia leaped up, stood still for a second to regain her strength, and then attacked. Claire soon had injury added to insult.

Where Claire had been crude, Olivia was expert. Her hands knew exactly where to punch and tear. Her teeth slashed into Claire's thighs and arms. Within two minutes, the blonde felt her body was a vessel of pain.

Olivia twisted Claire's leg like it was dough. The blonde writhed in agony, mindlessly flailing at a tormentor she could never conquer. Olivia's eyes sparkled as she sensed the kill. But the brunette



Above: Claire has beautiful Olivia topsy-turvy. Soon Claire will have her teeth imbedded in Olivia's heel. Below: Claire is a vision of beauty enraged as she tries to cripple her husband's mistress.



was determined to drag out the moment of submission as long as possible.

Olivia wrenched her foe's leg even further, tearing at the muscles in the thigh. Claire couldn't hold back her cries any longer. She shrieked in pain. Olivia smiled and went on to better and uglier things.

Olivia grabbed Claire by the head and brought up her knee hard into

(Continued on page 60)

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TITANIC APARTMENT MATCH

(Continued from Page 59)



Olivia pushes Claire's face into the carpet, rubbing flesh across fabric until Claire's cheeks and forehead sting from carpet burns.

the side of the blonde's face. Using all her strength, Olivia ground Claire's face against her knee. Mouth, nose, eyes, cheek, chin felt the hard bone grinding against them. The agony was incredible. Olivia's face glowed as she continued this unique torture.

Blood filled Claire's mouth and she began to choke. Olivia then threw her across the room. Claire landed on her back, unable to move. She was beaten, exhausted, agonized, and humiliated. But still, Olivia wasn't through.

Pouncing on the beaten woman, Olivia snaked her arm around Claire's neck and began to choke. The brunette's powerful arm closed off all air. Claire began to gasp

piteously. Spittle dripped down Claire's chin and tears streaked down her face. Then, Olivia decided to finish it off.

She let Claire sink to the carpet. Then she grabbed the blonde's legs and doubled the victim over. Claire's legs were almost touching her face as her head and neck supported her body's weight. It felt like her back would break. Her rear end was thrust high in the air, allowing Olivia to dig nails deep into Claire's thigh.

"Stop!" Claire begged, her voice muffled by the gurgling of spittle and blood.

Olivia let her opponent fall. She stood glorious over her fallen foe. Then, she strutted out of the apartment, leaving her victim behind. Women like Olivia always leave their victims behind. And never once do they look back. □

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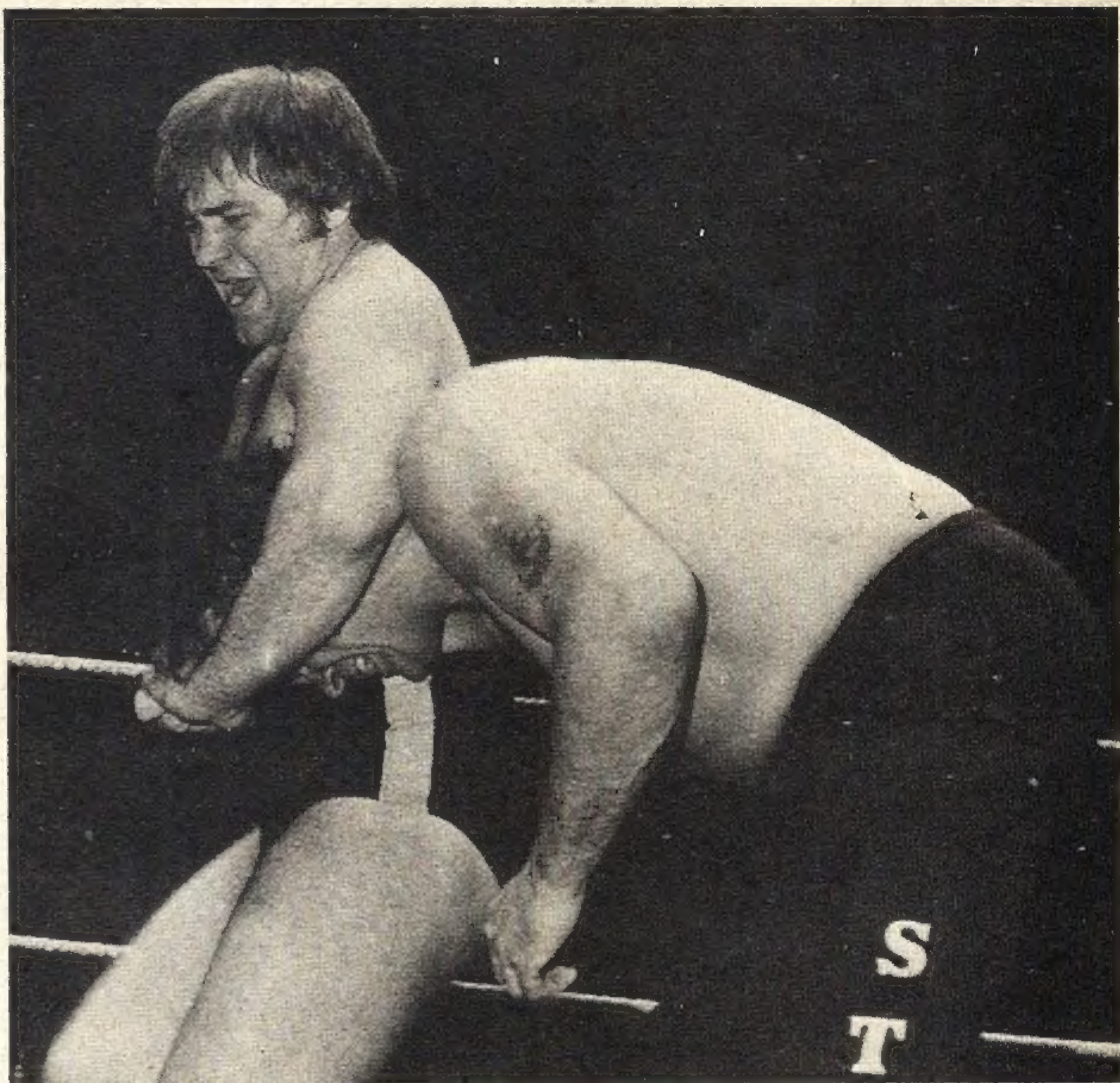
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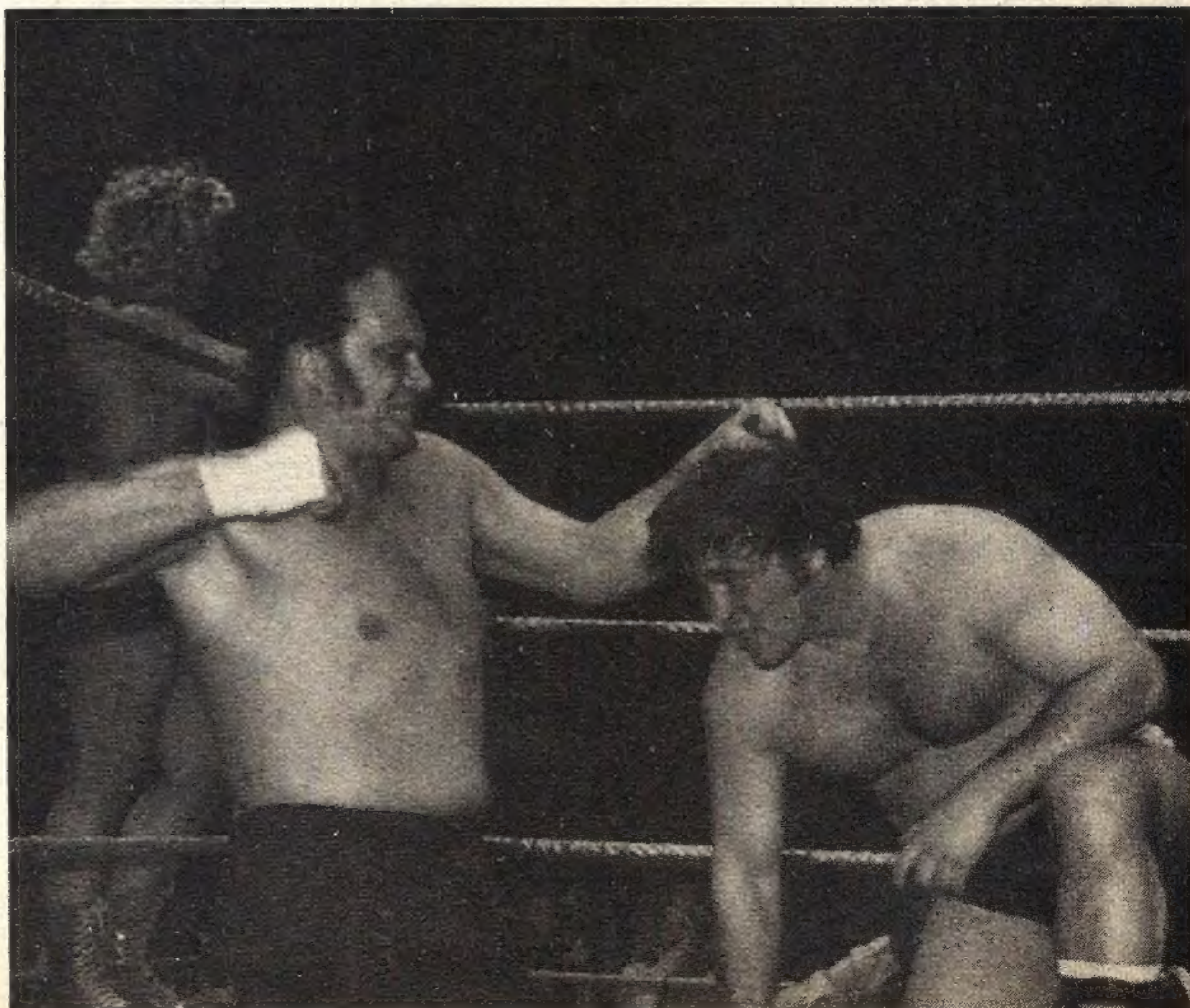
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Larry Zbyszko

(Continued from Page 45)



Larry makes things rough for Stan Stasiak with a powerful headlock (above) and then proves his courage withstanding a Stasiak assault (below). The young man has battled well and often enough to be judged on his own, and not in comparison with his mentor, Bruno Sammartino. But fans are still prone to think of Larry as a rookie under Sammartino's tutelage.



learn from the master. No matter how long it took, Larry was willing to stay in the shadows. He knew at the end of his apprenticeship, he would be almost as good as the man who taught him.

And so Larry entered into his long apprenticeship with the master. He learned everything as quickly as he could. He was a good student to an excellent master. Within a few years time, it could be said Larry had learned everything Bruno could teach him.

But the past several months have been crucial to Larry's future in wrestling. He has spent less and less time with Sammartino. He has begun to develop on his own. There are new strategies and maneuvers which have been perfected without the assistance of Bruno. Slowly, Larry Zbyszko has changed his style from that of Sammartino. He is his own wrestler now.

However, few people have acknowledged the change in Larry. They still think of him as a "Little Bruno," a young man who is imitating the style of the great master. Nothing could hurt Zbyszko more.

"Please don't misunderstand me," Larry recently told an interviewer. "I greatly respect the talents of Bruno Sammartino as a wrestler and as a teacher. I learned more from him about wrestling than I could have learned from any other man. But that doesn't mean I can't know some things that Bruno doesn't know.

"In the old days, it was not uncommon for the apprentice to know more than the master who taught him. Indeed, many apprentices went on to greater fame and glory than their masters ever achieved. I truly believe this can happen in my case. Bruno Sammartino is a great master. I hope to be even greater.

"Anyone who has ever carefully watched me wrestle will know there is a great deal of difference between my style and Bruno's style. And he never demanded I wrestle the same way he does. That would be impossible. No two

(Continued on page 64)

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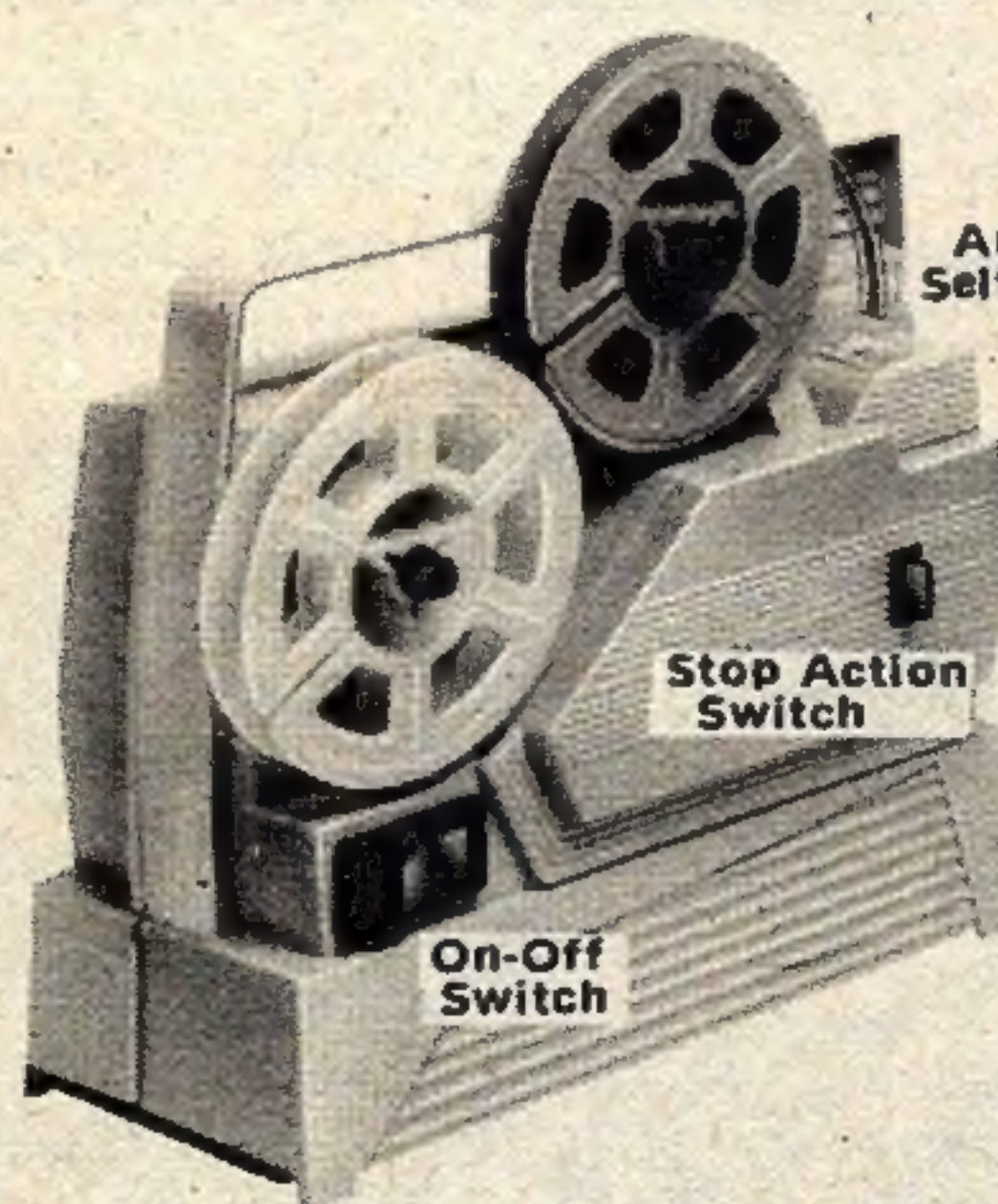
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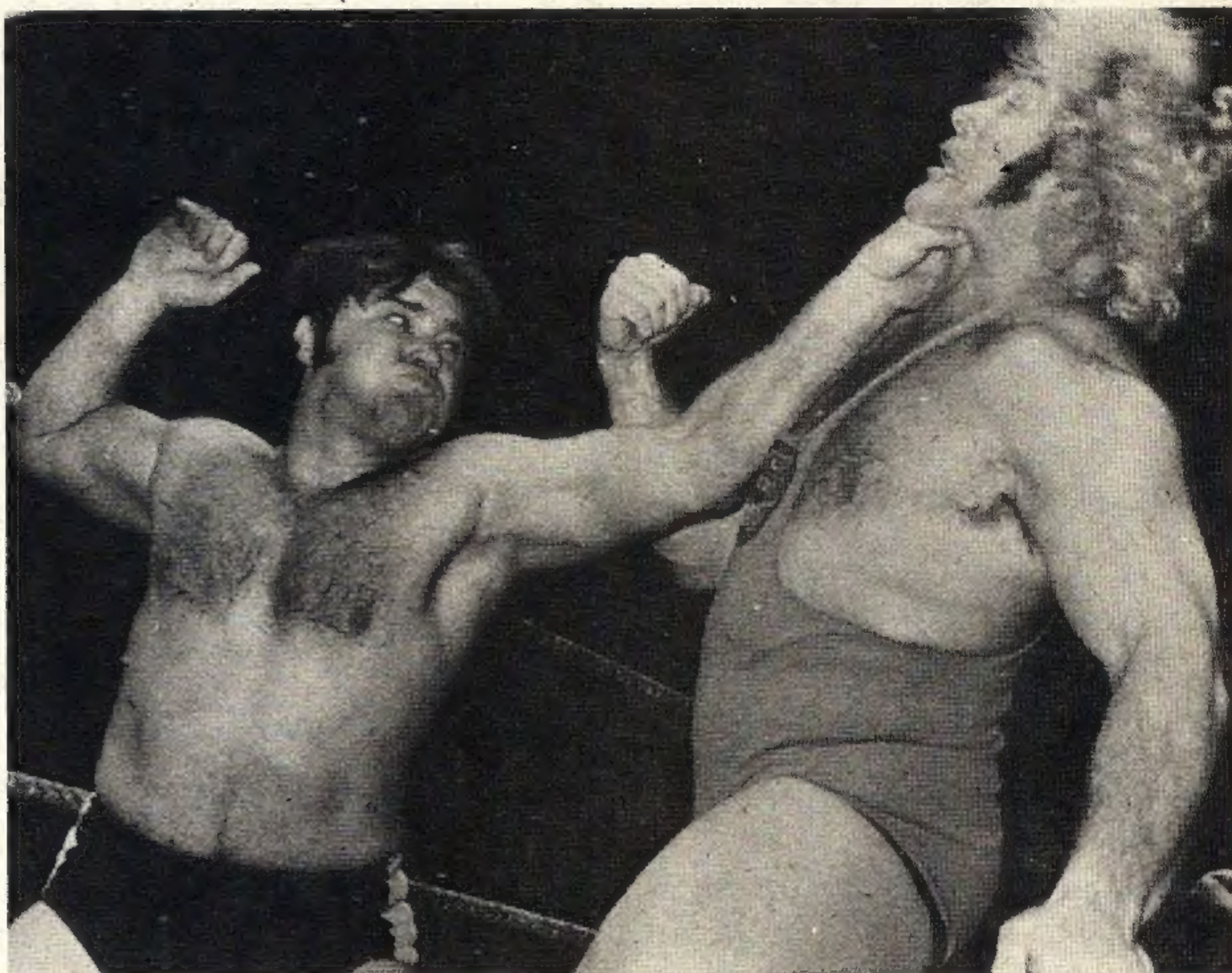
Larry Zbyszko

(Continued from Page 63)

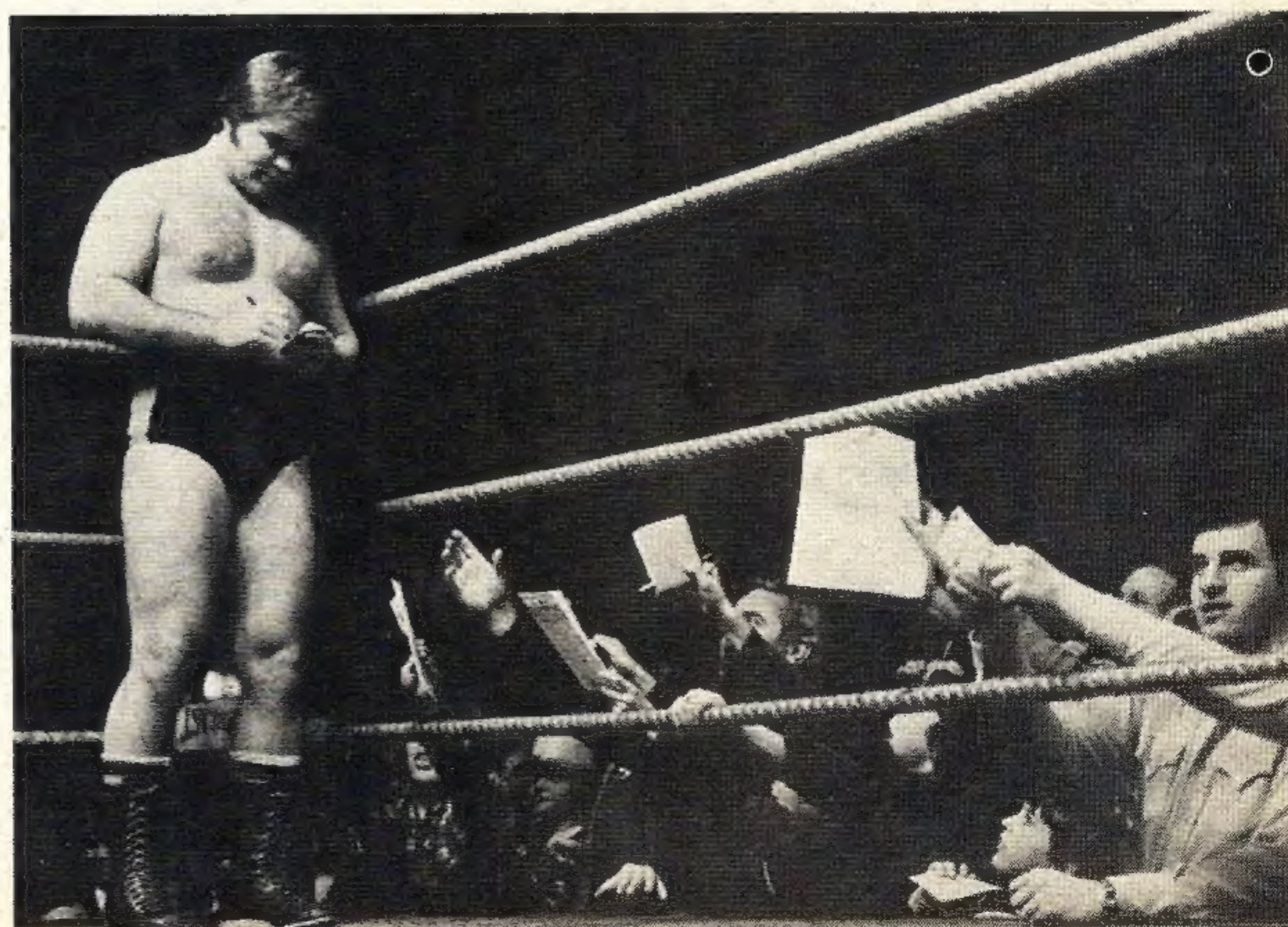
people possess the same talents. No two people have the same capabilities. Therefore, it would be impossible for me to wrestle just like Bruno wrestles.

"But there are a great many people out there who just can't see or understand the differences. These people know very little about

wrestling. But these are also the people who call me 'Little Bruno.' If these clods knew what they were talking about, they would know that nothing could be further from the truth. I am no 'Little Bruno.' I never would want to be. I may be like Sammartino in many ways, but we are not the same. He is the



Above: Ken Patera reels back under the furious assault of Zbyszko. This battle proved Larry can stand up against the toughest competition and hold his own. Below: Larry signs autographs for the many fans who consider him a hero. The young man's natural warmth and light humor make him loved as well as respected throughout wrestling.





Larry stands proud and tall behind Bruno Sammartino. The two men are still close friends.

greatest. Some day, I will be even greater!"

Of course, there are many who agree wholeheartedly with Larry's statement. But there are just as many people who disagree. They point out that while Zbyszko's style and Bruno's style are not exactly alike, they are very close to identical. There has never been any question that Bruno was the strongest influence Larry had in his training. Larry's critics concede the young man has the potential to develop on his own. However, they cite the fact that total development will take several years to complete. In the meantime, Larry Zbyszko is still very much like Bruno Sammartino. That is why they feel justified in calling him "Little Bruno." It is not meant as a slur, like Larry believes. It is simply an appraisal of the situation as they see it.

For Larry to silence his detractors, he must prove he is a different wrestler than Bruno Sammartino. This will not be difficult for him to do in the coming months. More and more people are realizing Larry is right: Bruno taught him well, but he has learned a lot on his own. But until the day comes when everyone realizes Larry Zbyszko is an excellent wrestler in his own right, there will still be people calling him "Little Bruno." □

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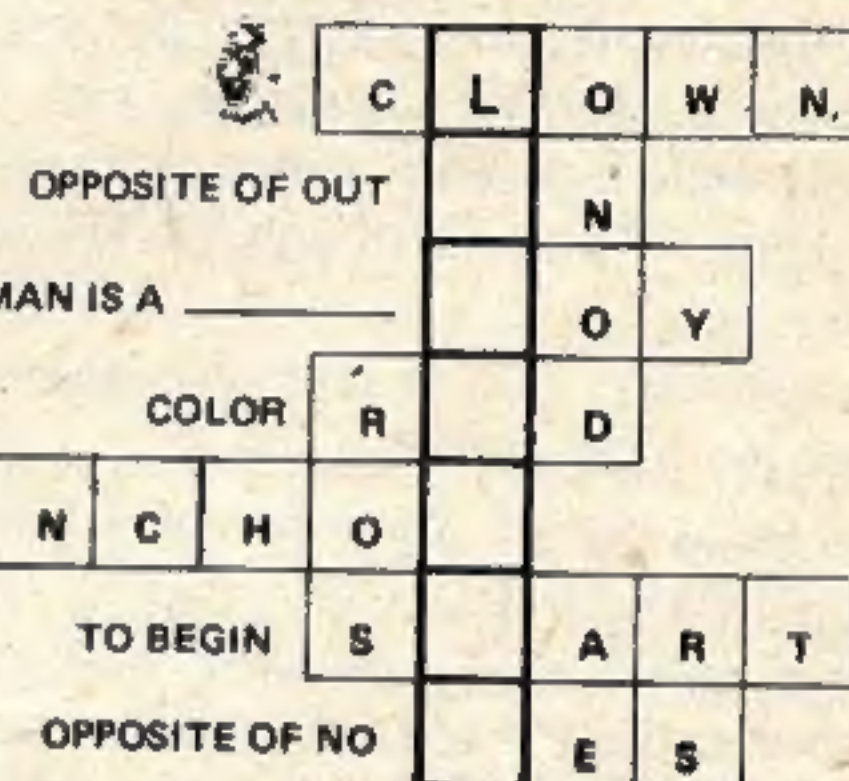
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